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VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

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AVEDON

COVER: Champagne's where the sparkle is these evenings—*crystal brut* crêpe uncorking new dazzle. Short evening dress by Adele Simpson, in Avisco acetate and rayon (Onondaga fabric). About $250. Maison de Fou earrings. Both, at Lord & Taylor. Dress, also at Julius Garfinckel; Stanley Korshak; I. Magnum. A magnum of pink champagne sparkle to light the face—Royal Scandia Sparkling Color turning Rosy Pearl on the lips; Scandia Rose Fluitone Makeup glowing on cheek and brow. Coiffure by Ara Gallant. Dynel hairpiece by Tovar-Tresses.

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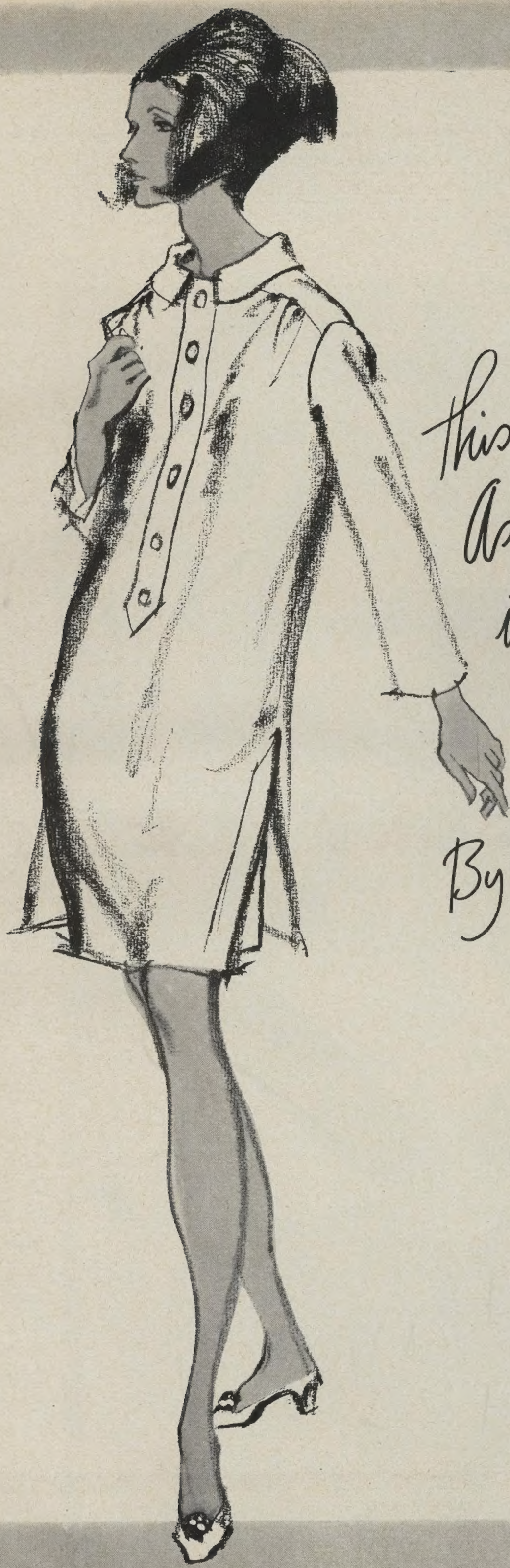
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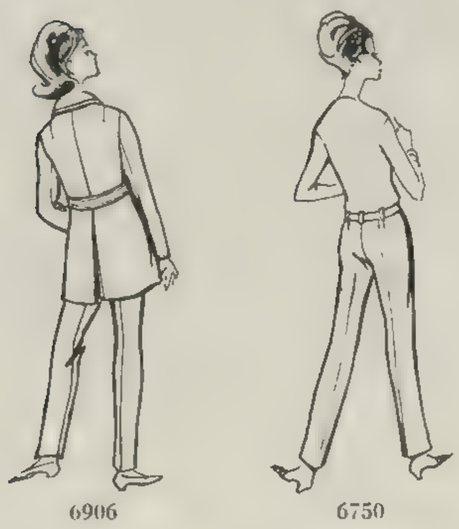
Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 140-141; other views, yardages, details)



6829

Above: Kilt-wrapped skirt, pleats side and back. Vogue Pattern 6829. Skirt in two lengths. Waist sizes 24-30. Kilt requires 1⅝ yards 54″ fabric without nap, for 26″ waist. Price: 75c. In Canada, 85c.



6906 6750

Above, left: Double-breasted, chopped officer's coat, in three lengths. Vogue Pattern 6906. Sizes 10-18. Three-quarter-length jacket requires 3½ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, for size 14. $2. In Canada, $2.20.

Above, right: Pants—Vogue Pattern 6750. Sizes 10-16. For size 14, 2 yards of 54″ fabric without nap. $1. In Canada, $1.10.

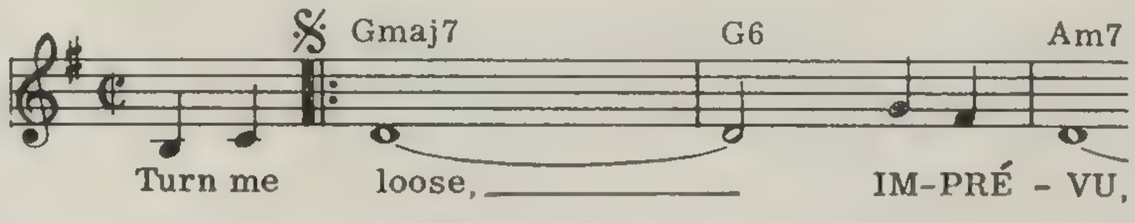
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Wild Idea, domesticated

Raspberries and cream on Sunday morning, right after you've picked them and rinsed them in the icy brook. Remember the flavour, the aroma, the delicious colour? Pliny did when he mentioned Idea, the wild raspberry named for Mount Ida in Asia Minor where it grew. Estée Lauder did when she took the idea recently, introduced it in soap and a lotion. Her glycerine Raspberry Soap bars, translucent and glowing with ruby light, capture authentically the whole essence of raspberries, the perfume, the deep red gleam, the cherished goodness of fruit for the complexion. Mrs. Lauder took further steps into the raspberry patch and installed her raspberry notion in a pink toning lotion. These are raspberries most of us will be happy to be given. . . .



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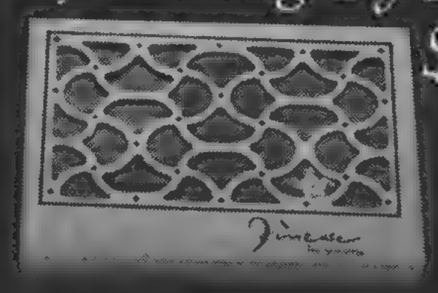


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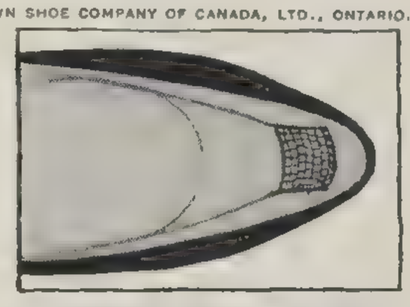
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Riverside ..... The Harris Co.
Sacramento ..... Weinstock-Hale
San Bernardino ..... The Harris Co.
San Jose ..... L. S. Hart & Son
San Francisco ..... Livingston Bros.
Santa Monica ..... Henshey's
Visalia ..... Gottschalk's
Whittier ..... Hinshaw's
Colorado
Denver ..... May—D & F
Connecticut
Hartford ..... Sage-Allen
New Haven ..... The Edw. Malley Co.
District of Columbia
Washington ..... Woodward & Lothrop
Florida
Miami ..... Burdine's
Tampa ..... Maas Bros.
Georgia
Atlanta ..... Rich's and Branches
Hawaii
Honolulu ..... Liberty House
Illinois
Chicago ..... Chas. A. Stevens & Co.
Rockford ..... The Chas. V. Weise Co.
Downtown, North Towne, Colonial Village
Freeport ..... Read's
Indiana
Indianapolis ..... H. P. Wasson
Kentucky
Louisville ..... Selman's of Louisville
Louisiana
Shreveport ..... Rubenstein's, Inc.
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Lansing ..... Knapp's
Minnesota
Minneapolis ..... Dayton's
St. Paul, Southdale, Rochester
Nebraska
Lincoln ..... Miller & Paine
Omaha ..... Brandeis
Nevada
Carson City ..... Gray Reid's
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New York
Albany ..... John G. Myers
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Akron ..... Polsky's
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Philadelphia ..... John Wanamaker
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CELANESE ARNEL
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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

October 15

Hairsets, the second day

"When the hair has been set, let's say Tuesday, it must be thoroughly brushed out Tuesday evening. Most women don't seem to realize this. And it is this lack of brushing, probably arising from some notion that one preserves one's set if one doesn't brush it, which, in fact, accounts for the wretched, stubby, second-day look which many sets that one sees seem to have." So said Kenneth, in the course of describing his hairpiecing, as outlined on pages 148-153. Kenneth is always on the side of the client. Anything that will alleviate her necessity for spending more time in the salon than necessary is something he is on the lookout for. Anything that will expand the life of a hairset is something he feels it's his duty to deliver to his clients. This is why he makes a big thing of the quality of the shampoo used in the shampooing; of the thoroughness of the rinsing that follows; of the care with which the rollers are rolled and of the amount of spray he uses on the hair. He doesn't put spray on hairpieces unless the client wishes it—or expects to don the hairpiece in an exceptionally humid climate. . . . The great news is that Kenneth is now syndicated. He's acting as adviser to a string of salons across the country. His reputation, national and international, is going to be more specifically felt. . . . When there is more to tell, you'll be the first to know. . . .

Consult here freely with expensive expert

Some fascinating information was elicited from the response to Vogue's July Beauty Bulletin on beauty care with electrical current, as observed at the studio of Miss Elisabeth Ungár. Women who seemed to want more drastic skin help than creams alone can handle—but something short of that which plastic surgery delivers—wrote, wired, and phoned by the horde. Seekers of facial jolts chose to enplane for Miss Ungár's face-improving, line-removing ministrations in New York from the likes of Dallas, West Germany, the island named Madeira. A college girl proposed to hire a pilot to take her back and forth by private plane from upstate New York. (Two men of twenty-five applied, apologetically, for help. Miss Ungár made appointments.) . . . Once she's restored a face, here's some advice Miss Ungár gives for its maintenance (some of her clients like to call it "Ungárizing"). Relaxation: the basis of beauty. Make no expressive facial movements that exercise forehead; keep it calm, smooth. . . . Learn to smile without wrinkling skin under or over eyes (it's possible; Miss Ungár did) . . . . Keep mouth at all times tranquil, no puckering or grimacing. Try not to close lips completely; a little air circulating between them as they talk is relaxing. . . . Moderate your voice; raising it tenses cords in neck, can cause lines in throat and face. . . . To achieve quick facial glow, hold for seconds on the sides of cheeks a cordial glass—"a pretty one," Miss Ungár suggested.

The depilitating scene

Many women use safety razors, electric razors. Some smart women use a pre-shave lotion which is a way to get a fast touch-up shave comfortably, even without bath or shower. . . . Then, more and more women are waxing. Hot waxing, cold waxing. And more and more women are cold waxing, thanks to the attention a clothes designer, Marie Ganée, has given to the depilitating question. A New York woman who spent her early years in Brazil and Argentina, Marie Ganée marvelled at the lack of importance North American women attributed to waxing. Latin American and European women often make a trip to the waxer's part of their monthly beauty routine. Wax, she reasoned, might be the answer to certain hairy problems associated with the new prominence of more-and-more leg showing, more-and-more arm. So: A La Nue, depilatory by Marie Ganée, a golden cold wax that whips off, via pretty-printed cotton, any hair that needs whipping off, leaves no stubble when the hair grows back, and is said to impede the actual regrowth of hair by discouraging ambitious hair follicles. . . . A La Nue is finding its way around the country. It's at, for instance, Neiman-Marcus and Jordan Marsh. At the moment you read this, it will be making the scene at many other distinguished shops. . . .



PURE PURE RED...the brightest new idea in makeup in a long, long time.
A zinging note of color that sings out today's fashion message pure and clear.
(Halfway shades look like yesterday, now that PURE PURE RED is here.)

Elizabeth Arden

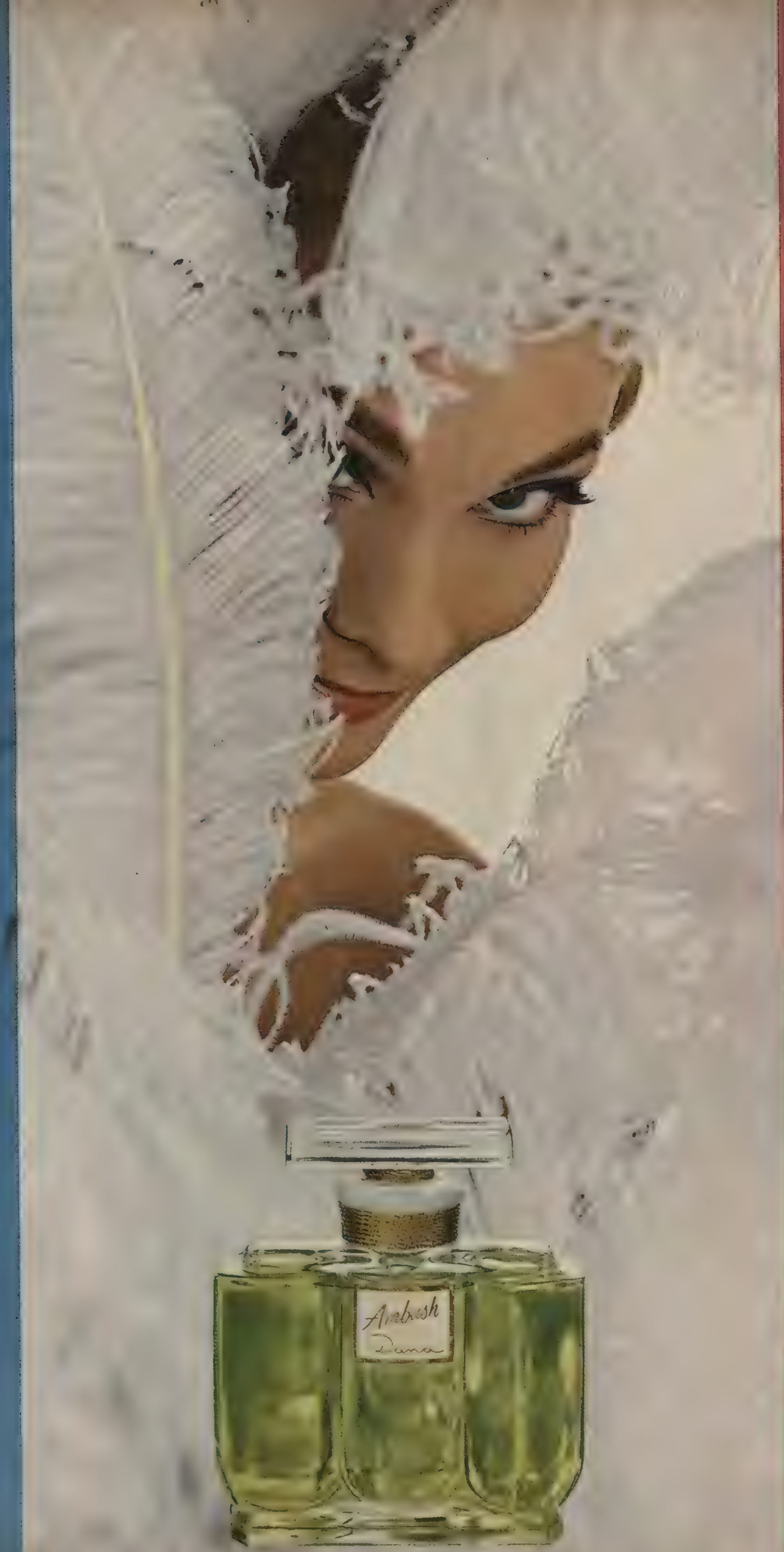
NEW YORK LONDON PARIS

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him
completely
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Ambush
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E M B A®

Left...Emba softly ruffled for enchantment in the romantic mood, a new fashion explosive for fall, glowing in AZURENE® EMBA natural blue grey mink. Right...MORNING LIGHT® EMBA natural blue beige mink is the dramatic luminary packed with beauty power in the new trotteur with convertible ringlet collar. Center...Individuality, the grand fashion force so wonderfully flattering in the long jacket that's a short coat, too...elegance in lush AUTUMN HAZE® EMBA natural brown mink. Opposite... Beauty perceived: your rendezvous with the long, lithe sweep of pure luxe—MORNING LIGHT® EMBA natural blue beige mink, astonishing as the very coat of evening.



Radiant as pearls, the natural beauties by EMBA . . . mink aglow with luminous beauty that's pure flattery for you. See how the luxe EMBA rare and royal pearls add enchantment to a woman's look. EMBA mink from America — world's best, will do marvelous things to highlight your complexion, your hair and eyes with the glamorous subtlety of EMBA elegance.

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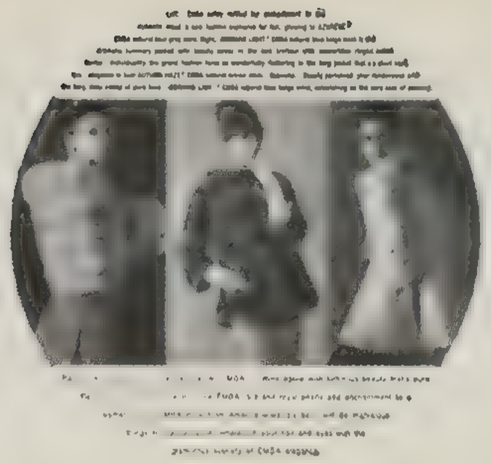
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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

A dozen that go right to the heart of the skin matter

These come as close to custom-order in cosmetics and treatments as you are apt to get across the counter. They are not for the girl who could be just as happy with what she picks up at the dime store. Not designed for a specific age group, they nevertheless recognize the difference between the very young skin and the skin that has seen some years. Although an eighty-year-old and a teen-ager would presumably like some of the same lipsticks, some of the same eye makeup, they do want different treatment products. . . . Not that these are necessarily for eighty-year-olds. What they are for is: smart women, demanding women, totally precise about their requirements. Possessors of a feeling that their complexions are not quite as thrilling as they were last year. Women who want action, direct-to-the-target action, fast. The detectives at the redoubtable Revlon laboratories have been working on this case for quite some time, and their Ultima II skin-care collection is ready now to crack the problems of specific complexion needs. Each of the dozen skin-care measures they've cooked up knows exactly where it's going, knows that while it's going there its underlying purpose is to replenish youth. Concentration of ingredients, more efficient goodies to the ounce, no-fooling-around formulae are keynotes.

Two sleep creams know that the bedtime hours provide valuable beauty restoration possibilities. One, a frothy eye cream, aims at dry lines in the filmiest, kindliest manner while those eyes sleep. . . . Of four Ultima II cleansers, a pink-ice meringue heads for dry skin; a cleansing wash gel directs itself to oily skin; a facial-bath "milk" seeks out normal skin; and a blue-whipped gel instantly abolishes the most obstinate eye makeup, meanwhile lubricating. . . . Clarifying Tonic Water, a pale pink freshener with medication tossed in, is looking for oily skin to perk up and refine. A lime-coloured gel lotion is determined to do same for non-oily skin. . . . Four are prepared to undertake very special commitments. Ultima II cosmetic lingerie—the "underwear" that goes on under makeup and obliges it to behave better, longer—includes a yoghurt-coloured moisture concentrate and a misty firming film that serves as a petticoat for makeup without ever reminding you, by shining through, that it's there. . . . A lavender masque, a mineral clay that goes on so thickly it's more like a pack than a masque, gets after any deep grime that may have thought it had made a permanent home with you. . . . And an amber liquid called Face and Throat Oil has such concentrated lubricating power that Revlon actually put an eyedropper in its little bottle for its application.

(And wouldn't you know that there would be, Ultimately, an Ultima fragrance? There is, in the works . . . a cunningly different one about which you'll be hearing lots.) . . .



The emphatic air. Captured in a 3-part theatre group... Arbé designed by Dorothy Arden. The fabric, a unique blend of **55% Creslan acrylic filament, 27% wool, 8% nylon, 10% cotton.** For jacket and skirt, a crisp full-bodied texture. For blouse and trim, a glowing brocade. About $145. Available at Julius Garfinckel, Wash., D.C.; Gidding-Jenny's, Cincinnati; M. O'Neil, Akron; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; Famous Barr, St. Louis.

Creslan® LUXURY ACRYLIC FIBER Creslan is a product of American Cyanamid Company, New York. CYANAMID



Elinor Simmons of Malcolm Starr pours crêpe into the straight shapes that make a Great Evening. Enticing idea: a graphic statement of pure body-geometry, pure Cointreau colors, pure Onondaga crêpe. The Great Evening, opposite left, slices of crêpe, the color of Cointreau Sloe Gin, fizzed with white in a smashing sleeveless dress. About $150. Adding to the sensation of a Great Evening—two ounces of Cointreau Sloe Gin, the juice of half a lemon, a teaspoon of sugar: serve this up in an eight-ounce glass with sparkling water, ice it, and call it, aptly enough, a *Sloe Gin Fizz.* Slither of a dress, opposite right, combines two parts milky crêpe to one part black coffee to fill a ten ounce glass, use ice or not—as you wish—top the whole idea with whipped cream and serve with a straw. The name: *Mazagran.* The Great Evening as Elinor Simmons of Malcolm Starr sees it, this page, is a superlative restatement of the toga, a clean straight fall of pure crêpe edged with beaded brilliance. About $200. Warming this elegant simplicity, the *Cointreau Pearl,* a simple blend of two ounces of Cointreau Liqueur, and the juice of a quarter lime. Stir it and serve it in a big beautiful stemmed glass with ice cubes and a slice of lime. The clothes on both pages, all of liquid Onondaga Francine rayon and acetate crêpe. At Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.



Liquid crêpes in Cointreau colors...
Onondaga does them for Elinor Simmons
of Malcolm Starr

Cointreau mints, a cool mood for Chuck Howard of Townley in Onondaga crêpes



The Fluid Shapes are moving in, minting their own particular brand of cool, calculating Smash. Chuck Howard of Townley sees them as free-falling, free-wheeling dresses of Onondaga crêpe that let loose a whole new after-five system. The greenmint crêpe dress, opposite left, swings with the freedom of an apron, armholes slashed to a fare-thee-well, bows strategically placed. About $100. The drink strategy here—an *Emerald Pool*, concocted just so: two ounces of Cointreau Green Crème de Menthe in one great glass filled to about the ten-ounce mark with sparkling water and ice. The whitemint crêpe dress, opposite right, inspired perhaps by a chic Cossack. Side-buttons, a Mazurka skirt. About $100. The fail-safe drink, a *White Russian:* one ounce of Cointreau White Crème de Menthe, two ounces of Gordon's Vodka, mixed together with a good quantity of shaved ice, served in a stemmy glass with straw. The pale crêpe dress, this page, of whitened lime, its top cantilevered to set off a beautifully fluid skirt. About $110. Her drink, and his too, a *Cointreau and Tonic*, two ounces of Cointreau Liqueur cooled with tonic water, shaved ice and a sliver of lime. The fluid fabric in Chuck Howard's clothes: marvelous four-ply Onondaga rayon and acetate crêpe. At Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.





Ginger and Apricot: Teal Traina chooses these delicious Cointreau flavors in Onondaga fabrics



The New Dinner Dress from Teal Traina mixes equal parts of warmed colors with new smallshapes and lightcatching textures—the whole idea then spiced with brilliant buttons. A dress on two levels, opposite left, its point in the cut, and in the color—the most delicious pale apricot. A dash of brilliants at the shoulder, after that, all's simple as can be. Onondaga's minutely ribbed acetate/rayon/wool fabric that refracts candlelight in the most beautiful way. Dress about $150. Complementing the picture, an *Apricot Sour* that is as delicious as its color, and simplicity itself to make. Take two ounces of Cointreau Apricot Flavored Brandy, one ounce lemon juice, a pinch of sugar. Shake very well with ice and strain into the most delectable-looking glass you can find. The ginger dress, opposite right, glosses the body, a marvelous funnel neck, great glitterbuttons. Onondaga's magnificent textured silk. About $150. The spicer here, a *Ginger Mist*— one and one half ounces Cointreau Ginger Flavored Brandy swirled in a stemmed glass with shaved ice. A pouring of heavy white Onondaga rayon and acetate crêpe in a dress, above, that's all sleeves, smockshaped, with a spate of brilliant buttons. About $150. With it, a *White Lady*, one half ounce Cointreau Liqueur, one half ounce lemon juice, one ounce Gordon's Gin. Shake it all with ice and strain into a magnum-sized glass. All the Dinner Dresses by Teal Traina of Onondaga fabrics.

At Lord & Taylor;
I. Magnin.

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Monday night this Mam'Selle Boutique pants suit was a feast for the eyes of the six who came to supper. Thursday it hung Oto's painting in the place of honor just as the doorbell rang.



The femme fatale stuff it's made of. Crompton Velveteen.

Double breasted pants suit of Crompton's cotton velveteen. Grey or red. Sizes 4 to 14. About $110.
At Cachet at Henri Bendel, New York; Rich's, Atlanta; Lillie Rubin, Miami; Country Club Fashion, Sherman Oaks, Calif.
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"Happy coats". No matter what the sky's doing. Inside . . . a deep, plush, furry pile lining of ORLON® acrylic. Outside . . . a new, exclusive blend of 75% DACRON® polyester, 25% Avril. Protected against rain and stain by ZE PEL® fabric fluoridizer. Colors: Winter Rose, Gold, Coffee, Black, Stone Beige, Black Cherry and High Seas Blue. $55. 5-15, 6-16. Wear one to your next adventure. They'll like your style. **Aventura Ltd.,** 1410 Broadway, N.Y.

Lord & Taylor, New York & branches; **Joseph Magnin,** California & Nevada; **Marshall Field & Co.,** Chicago; **Jordan Marsh Co.,** Boston; **Dayton's,** Minneapolis; **Best Apparel,** Seattle, Portland & Tacoma; **G. Fox,** Hartford; **Famous Barr,** St. Louis; **The Blum Store,** Philadelphia; **Rich's,** Atlanta; **Frost Bros.,** San Antonio; **Wm. Hengerer,** Buffalo; **Bullock's,** Downtown, Santa Ana, Lakewood, San Fernando, Westwood, Del Amo & Pasadena, California

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You know what a permanent does for your hair? Gives it body. That's what a permanent does for our bra. Instead of curlers, we use a mold. We mold the shape in. And we wind up with a bouffant bra. It's just a wisp of a thing. But it's got body. It has a full, rounded look—even when you're not in it. And you know how after you wash your hair the set holds better if you use a dryer? Same thing with our bra. Dry it in the dryer. It will keep its wrinkle-free, permanent-press shape for the life of the bra. Now look at those lank lifeless bras in your dresser. Wouldn't you rather have a bra with a permanent? $3. THE BODY-PERM™ BRA BY WARNER'S® IN DACRON® AND COTTON.

Warner Slimwear-Lingerie. A division of The Warner Brothers Company.

Bra shown: in "Dacron" polyester and cotton.

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Vanessa knows a good thing when she sees it. We see to *that!*

We do something subliminally subtle to our suits.

We sew a tiny (almost invisible) "K" on the breast pocket of every one of them.

It lets you know you're wearing a suit of matchless craftsmanship. As impeccably tailored as possible.

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Celanese imports Paris news

When Paris originals are re-created in the beauty of Celanese fibers, fashion news is made. Fashions about $125 to about $225. Shown left to right.

Patou's swinging headliner: short pink float with a rakish cowboy scarf in crepe of Celanese Acetate and rayon.

St. Laurent's definitive statement of elegance: low waisted dress in T.S.M.'s black twill gabardine of Celanese Acetate and rayon.

Cardin's space age bulletin: stark cut-out jumper in T.S.M.'s white ottoman of Celanese Acetate, cotton and metallic over a dress of Blends' double knit of textured Fortrel polyester.

Givenchy's double breasted news: green brocade ensemble; jacket over a dress with contrasting top. In T.S.M.'s paisley brocade of Celanese Acetate, cotton and nylon.

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Haven't you noticed? Furs are starting to look different.



The fitted look. The panel front. The standaway funnel collar. They exhibit today's fashion viewpoint.

But only a slim, supple fur can bring them off effectively.

Swakara karakul lamb from South West Africa.

The black-dyed Swakara coat shown here unfurls the banner of a different look.

And the fur makes a world of difference.

The Minerva Collection

swakara

The designer's fur.



Lycra®: the mark of a real woman

Her body is younger, softer, free-er—girdled, but who's to know. Lycra* spandex is what does it. Makes the most of what a figure's got. Or, finesses nicely what nature forgot. Make *your* own mark in this man's world. Wear—look for—foundations elasticized with "Lycra". There's a style, a weight that controls every figure. At ladylike stores everywhere.

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Better Things for Better Living...*through Chemistry*

The Forgotten Woman.

Most cosmetic companies have forgotten how you want to look.

Most cosmetic companies have forgotten how little time you have to spend on beauty.

Most cosmetic companies have forgotten how you hate routine and rigamarole.

Fortunately, Givenchy remembered.

Maybe you couldn't put your finger on it exactly.
But you knew you had been forgotten.
You knew it every time you opened a magazine, expecting to find a clue to becoming more attractive—and instead found a lot of thin girls with wild hair flying through the air like birds of Paradise.
You knew it when instead of a simple beauty plan, you found one make-up ad after another, showing models who looked very much like each other and not at all like you.
You knew it every time you realized that if you spent as much time on your face as people seemed to want you to, you'd never get to the office, the airport or the theatre on time.
And now you know why The Givenchy Collection of Make-up and Treatments was created.
Givenchy is for the woman who doesn't expect treatment products to give her back the skin she had at seventeen.
But who does expect to see an actual improvement in her face without waiting the perennial 90 days.
Givenchy is for the woman who knows make-ups are no substitute for knowing how to apply them.
But who expects the effect to be more than just all right once she's taken the trouble to learn.
In other words, Givenchy won't turn you into a ravishing beauty, unless you're pretty ravishing right now.
His is a simple, color-coordinated collection that can produce an elegant result, within the range of a woman's skill, and given the limits of the beauty she was born with.
If you would like to try on a Givenchy face, visit the Givenchy representative in your city, at stores listed on page 54.
She'll help you select your very own personalized beauty collection.

The Givenchy Collection of Make-up and Treatments



THE FORGOTTEN WOMAN.

If you're the woman on page 53
the Givenchy Collection
of Make-up and Treatments
is waiting for you at these
understanding stores:

Albany, N.Y. .....Flah's
Atlanta, Ga.
Rich's Downtown & Lenox Square
Bangor, Me. .....Cortell-Segal's
Beverly Hills, Calif. .. . .. I. Magnin & Co.
Boston, Mass. .....Bonwit Teller
Boston, Mass. .....Filene's
Brooklyn, N.Y. .....Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill. .....Bonwit Teller
Chicago, Ill. .....Chas. A. Stevens & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio .....Gidding-Jenny
Cleveland, Ohio .....Bonwit Teller
Cleveland, Ohio ..The Halle Brothers Co.
Colorado Springs Colo. .....Neusteters
Columbia, S.C. ....The James L. Tapp Co.
Dayton, Ohio .....Gidding-Jenny
Decatur, Ill. . ...H. Post & Sons
Denver, Colo. .....Neusteters
Detroit, Mich. .....Himelhoch's
Hartford, Conn. .....G. Fox & Co.
Las Vegas, Nev. D. I. Distinctive Apparel
Los Angeles, Calif. .....I. Magnin & Co.
Madison, Wisc. .....The Perfume Shops
Manhasset, L.I. ..... Bonwit Teller
Memphis, Tenn. .....The John Gerber Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Young-Quinlan Rothschild
Muncie, Ind. .....Ball Stores
Nashville, Tenn. Rich, Schwartz & Joseph
New Orleans, La. ..... Maison Blanche
New York, N.Y. .....Bloomingdale's
New York, N.Y. .....Bonwit Teller
New York, N.Y. .....Henri Bendel
New York, N.Y. .....Lord & Taylor
Oakbrook, Ill. .....Bonwit Teller
Oklahoma City, Okla. .....Rothschild's
Philadelphia, Pa. .....Bonwit Teller
Portland, Ore. .....I. Magnin & Co.
Providence, R.I. ..The Shepard Company
Redlands, Calif.
The Highlander Shoppes
Rochester, N.Y. .....B. Forman Co.
St. Louis, Mo. .....Stix, Baer & Fuller
San Bernardino, Calif.
The Highlander Shoppes
San Diego, Calif. .....Hafters Haggarty
San Francisco, Calif. .....I. Magnin & Co.
San Francisco, Calif. .....Livingston Bros.
San Luis Obispo, Calif. ..Sinsheimer Bros.
Santa Ana, Calif. .....Bullock's
Scarsdale, N.Y. .....Lord & Taylor
Seattle, Wash. .....I. Magnin & Co.
Sherman Oaks, Calif. .....Bullock's
Short Hills, N.J. .....Bonwit Teller
Stockton, Calif. .....The Brown House
Syracuse, N.Y. .....Helmer's
Tulsa, Okla. .....Field's
Washington, D.C. Julius Garfinckel & Co.
Washington, D.C. .....Lord & Taylor
Washington, D.C...Woodward & Lothrop
West Hartford, Conn. .....Lord & Taylor
White Plains, N.Y. .....Bonwit Teller

The great shoes of Roger Vivier

—down to earth, up in orbit



Out of this world, left: Chrome Saturn rings standing on the vamp of a heavenly little sling-back sandal in silver calf and clear plastic, with Vivier's new low heel—¾-inch high, squared across the back. By Roger Vivier for Ungaro.



The toe takes a U-turn, right: Toe like a squared-off U, hugging tight to the ground—patent leather pump in gleamy greeny brown with a 1¼-inch stacked black leather heel. By Roger Vivier. Made to order.



The silver rush, left: Silver calf pump with this season's Vivier news—the U-ed toe, squared ¾-inch heel, and triangled seams holding the back completely flat. By Roger Vivier for Ungaro. All shoes: Saks Fifth Avenue.

MARTINET

When you're a beautiful fabric people will go to these fine stores to find you.

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The Hecht Co.. Baltimore
Loveman's .... Birmingham
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Wm. Hengerer. Buffalo
J. B. Ivey ..... Charlotte
Carson, Pirie,
Scott ..... Chicago
Pogue's ..... Cincinnati
Halle Bros..... Cleveland
F & R Lazarus. Columbus
Titche-
Goettinger .. Dallas
Denver Dry
Goods ..... Denver
Younkers ..... Des Moines
J.L.Hudson Co.. Detroit
Steketee's .... Grand Rapids
G. Fox ..... Hartford
Foley's ..... Houston
Wm. H. Block . Indianapolis
May Cohen ... Jacksonville
Macy's ..... Kansas City
Miller's ..... Knoxville
Gold &
Company ... Lincoln
May Co. ..... Los Angeles
Stewart Dry
Goods ..... Louisville
Goldsmith's .. Memphis
Burdine's ..... Miami
Gimbel
Schusters ... Milwaukee
Dayton's ..... Minneapolis
Cain-Sloan ... Nashville
Bamberger's .. Newark
The Ed Malley
Co. ..... New Haven
D. H. Holmes . New Orleans
Macy's ..... New York
J. L. Brandeis
& Sons ..... Omaha
Strawbridge &
Clothier .... Philadelphia
Joseph Horne.. Pittsburgh
Best's Apparel . Portland
Outlet Co. .... Providence
Thalhimer
Bros. ..... Richmond
B. Forman Co.. Rochester
Z. C. M. I. .... Salt Lake City
Frost Bros..... San Antonio
Harris Co. .... San Bernardino
Macy's ..... San Francisco
The Imperial .. Schenectady
Best's Apparel . Seattle
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Fuller ..... St. Louis
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beautiful fabric,
you go places.

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It caught Loungees' eye.
And Loungees did beautiful
things with it.
This is the robe beautiful.
Made of 100% Chemstrand nylon.
Textured with the exclusive
J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc., yarn
process, Stevetex®*. Its line
is Empire. The effect?
One of those beautiful
comforts of home
away from home.
Take it everywhere you go.
And when you don't care
whether you're coming or going,
slip into something beautiful:
Allura robe by Loungees.
Another one of those
beautiful ideas
from Stevens.
Colors: blue, cherry, olive
Sizes: 8-18
Left, about $13
Right, about $15

Loungees



*Pat. applied for



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Loveliness in the manner of LUTETIA® EMBA natural gunmetal mink, a Rare Quality luminary aglow with lustrous highlights. Now the coat column becomes grand with glamour . . . easy fullness which skims the body, and a casual importance for all to admire.



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You're a woman and Seamprufe knows it. For you, a regal float smocked and banded high in satin. Dream and venture in this Ultrafinesse quality Burlington tricot gown of Chemstrand Blue "C"® nylon. Watermelon, Spanish gold, pink glow, heaven blue. Small, medium, large. Gown $10. Coordinated coat $15. At Bloomingdale's, N. Y.; Famous Barr, St. Louis; Rich's, Atlanta; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles. Seamprufe Incorporated, 412 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 10018

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a fine watch
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So dramatic, you might be tempted to wear it as a necklace. A perfect round in a brushed-effect frame... enriched with four crown-set diamonds. Solid 14-Karat Gold case. 14-Karat Gold, hand applied dial markers. 22-jewel American-made movement, shock-resistant, fully adjusted with unbreakable Dynavar mainspring for a long, lovely life. So, if you've got the money . . . for yourself or for a gift, put it where the excitement is—on a Hamilton. At your jewelers.

If you want more than time, get a
HAMILTON



Lavish indeed—but eminently practical. Balm Argenta, very likely the world's finest hand lotion, now comes to you in tiny foil pillows in a handsomely decorated dispensing carton. There are 12 matchbook-size packets, each holding 8 individual applications, 96 pillows in all. Can't break or spill, loves travel. Tuck a packet in your purse or pocket. Carry the secret of soft, lovely hands wherever you go.

A wonderful gift for bridge prizes, going aways, Harriet Beecher Stowe's birthday, or just to be nice.

BALM *Argenta* PILLOWS

AT SMART STORES EVERYWHERE

The great boots of Roger Vivier—tall and short



Tall boot, tube heel, right: Vivier's smashing vinyl boot in a gold-and-black *pied-de-poule* pattern, with his new U-turned squared toe and a perfect heel—2¼-inches high, shaped like a small tube. By Roger Vivier for Saint Laurent.



Short boot, squared, left: The most beautiful little boot in Paris—black crocodile squared by two vertical seams in back, two vertical seams in front. With a U-ed toe; a square ¾ inch leather heel, rounded at the corners; and a Velcro-closed zipper on the inside. By Roger Vivier. Boots, this page, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue.

MARTINET



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Rosenberg's ..... Santa Rosa
COLORADO
May — D & F* ..... Denver
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H. C. Murray Co. ..... Willimantic
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Jordan Marsh ..... Florida
Ruddy's ..... Gainesville
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Strouss' ..... Salem
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Cuddle up beautifully in the comfort of Arnel and dream in soft luxury.
Sleep Ease adds embroidered and appliqued flowers for a completely feminine touch. Take your choice of long gown or pajamas. They're machine washable, need little or no ironing. In French Fabrics' easy-to-care for brushed tricot of Arnel triacetate and nylon. Both in pink, blue, candlelight, maize, or white with blue. Gown in sizes petite, small, medium and large. Pajamas in sizes 32-40. Each about $9*.
At Best & Co., New York; Jordan Marsh Co., Boston; Rich's, Atlanta; Robinson's, California; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Titche's, Dallas. See opposite page for additional stores.

CELANESE ARNEL
A CONTEMPORARY FASHION FIBER

*slightly higher West Coast.



The Couth Vermouth

On the rocks or in a truly correct Martini, only Noilly Prat will do. Impeccably dry. Perfectly pale. No proper host dares stir without it. Noilly Prat French Extra Dry—the couth vermouth.

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Available at these and other fine stores in the U.S. and Canada: Brooklyn, Abraham & Straus; Boston, Jordan Marsh; Florida, Ivey's; Atlanta, Rich's; Houston, Foley's; Oakland, Rhodes; San Francisco, Macy's.

KORET OF CALIFORNIA

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it's to win first prize...



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it's a fish this size...



To a lady,
it's a gallant gent ...



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The experience is color. Only by Caprolan.

The nightgown is $12. Only by Beverly Vogue.



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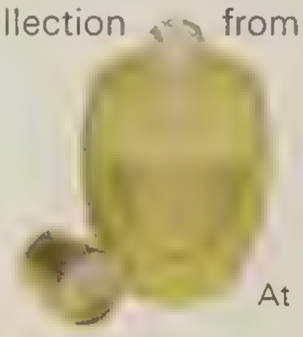
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Touch of Primeval. A subtly scented body lotion from a wardrobe of superb Primeval products. To soothe into the shoulders, elbows, knees; to touch to all the pulses. This cocoon of soft fragrance can be purchased only through a Viviane Woodard consultant who is as near as your telephone. She will be delighted to have you try it. In your home. At your leisure.

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The provocative mystery of the East is captured in genuine jade, hand cut and polished . . . delicately accented by a 1/20 12K gold-filled frame. Truly a royal creation . . . **JADE GODDESS.**

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COLLECTION

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And the "Waist-Shaper" band holds your shape and its own. (It never rolls or binds.) The Web girdle, a Formfit/ Rogers exclusive design, Style 0859. Dress-Sized 9-19, 10-20, $16.50.

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Says so much about you before you write a word



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With the sculptor's feeling for form, space and material, Harry Bertoia developed a wire mesh frame, solid yet lightweight. Then he turned the frame into a comfortable seating basket. Shaped to the human body. "When you look at these chairs, you will see that they are mainly made of air, just like a sculpture. The room penetrates through them."—Bertoia. You can take a fresh look at the Bertoia chairs in the showrooms of Knoll International, in twenty-six countries. Or write for our illustrated brochure. Knoll Associates, Inc., Furniture and Textiles, 320 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

Just remember the Weatherbee and you can forget about the weather



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The Weatherbee...a relaxed Balmacaan with a sunny disposition that won't rain out. In a handsome worsted-look poplin of Fortrel® polyester/Avril® rayon that's Zepel® treated to resist rain and stain. Lined with deep taffeta yoke and checked cotton skirt. Great Fall colors. Misses, Junior and Petite sizes. $35.00.* *Bonwit Teller, New York; J. F. Hink, Berkeley, Calif.; C. Crawford Hollidge, Boston; Bramson's, Chicago; Halle Bros., Cleveland; The Denver, Denver; Wolf's, Des Moines; Himelhoch's, Detroit; Harzfeld's, Kansas City, Mo.; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Stewart's, Louisville, Ky.; John Wanamaker, Phila.; Goldwaters, Phoenix; Jos. Horne & Co., Pgh., Pa.; Nicholas Ungár-Best's, Portland, Ore.; The Shepard Co., Providence; The Emporium, San Francisco; Woodward & Lothrop, Wash., D.C., and other fine stores.* Weatherbee Coats, Inc., 512 Seventh Avenue, N.Y. 10018.

WEATHERBEE®

VOGUE'S

The Charles d'Arenbergs' housewarmer—the buzziest ball in Paris

It was the buzz of Europe. This summit party of the season given by Prince and Princesse Charles d'Arenberg for the *crémaillère*, or housewarming, of their new Paris town house. Troops of friends from London, Madrid, Vienna, and Rome—"the Foreign Legion," wrote one Paris columnist—sped to the scene: The famous former De Castellane place now walled in D'Arenberg boiseries; the portals crowned, for that night, with laurel, the tented courtyard gardened with yellow-clothed tables flung like a bouquet of buttercups on a carpet of green. In a white organza and aigrette-feathered dress by Balenciaga, Princesse d'Arenberg greeted her guests at the rise of a sweeping staircase, above marbled arches banked in velvet puffs. Three guests wore Givenchy's navy-blue and white striped sheath. In the dining room buffet tables held pyramids of lobster, jellied beef, salads, and sorbets. Raoul's bang-bang mer-



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NOTEBOOK

engues and the sonic guitars of Beatle rock bounced off the velvet walls in the dancing room. The hit song: Sinatra's "Strangers in the Night." Paradoxically. No one felt a stranger, and the party paced through starry night until mauvy dawn shone down on l'Avenue du Président Wilson.

1. Mr. Tony Pawson, Mme. Pascal Busson; seated, Comtesse Pierre Cheremetieff, Mr. Michel David-Weill. 2. Princesse Charles d'Arenberg, Prince Serge Obolensky. 3. Mme. Taki Theodoracopulos, Mr. Charles Van Rensselaer. 4. Mme. Carlos Arrida, Prince Lubomirski, Professor Mario Sposito, Mme. Walther Moreira-Salles. 5. H.R.H. The Duke of Windsor between the Duchess of Windsor and Mrs. Guinness Plunkett. 6. The Marchioness of Blandford, Commandant Paul-Louis Weiller. 7. Mme. Paul Annik Weiller, Lord Roylston. 8. Comte and Comtesse Jean d'Ormesson, Mme. Hélène Rochas, Mme. Anne-Marie d'Estainville.

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8



Every woman has every right to look younger than she is.



ULTRA FEMININE
by Helena Rubinstein

The face cream guaranteed to help you look younger in 30 days (or your money back).

ULTRA FEMININE is the only face cream formulated with estrogen and progesterone. These are the natural female hormones which your body produces in diminishing quantities as you grow older.

Here's what happens when Helena Rubinstein's medically tested ULTRA FEMININE supplies these hormones to a mature skin:

Skin cells can hold maximum moisture. Wrinkles due to dryness are reduced. Oil glands produce at a more youthful rate.

This simply means that, with daily use, lines and wrinkles due to moisture loss are reduced. The skin is soft and dewy and a younger look may be attained.

But remember to use ULTRA FEMININE® regularly, because your skin cannot store estrogen and progesterone. This precious supply should be replenished every day. But then, isn't knowing that you may look younger (and seeing it happen) worth a little conscientious effort on your part?

Remember...if, after daily use, ULTRA FEMININE doesn't help you look younger in *one month*, your money will be refunded. (That's a guarantee.)



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who have stayed in our
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DISCOVER AMERICA

VOGUE'S

A blossom of a party in San Francisco

Everything was young and pretty for the coming-out party for Miss Ann Felice Sullivan, given by her mother, Mrs. Thomas Ambrose Sullivan, in the town house of *her* mother, Mrs. Felix S. McGinnis. In the courtyard, hung with a false ceiling and crystal chandeliers, the walls had massed twelve-foot-high camellia trees and great groups of hydrangea plants, pink, lavender, and blue. The look: eighteenth-century Mediterranean. In white silk sprigged with yellow daffodils, Miss Sullivan received the more than six hundred guests who came from all over the country. The dancers had two



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NOTEBOOK

choices and often took the two: waltzing in the courtyard or shaking in the front-garden Pop Art tent. It all went on until four in the morning.

1. Ballroom in courtyard. 2. Miss Ann Sullivan and Mr. John M. Fuller, junior. 3. Mr. and Mrs. Gary Stephenson. 4. Miss Katherine Fay. 5. Second tent, with Pop Art; dancing in foreground, Mr. Henry Parish, III, and Mrs. Cornelius Rathborne. 6. Mr. Linn Alexander, Mrs. Paul A. Miller, Mrs. John A. Vietor, Mr. Harry H. Hastings. 7. Miss Elizabeth Budge and Mr. David Shepardson. 8. Mr. Christian R. Holmes, IV, and Miss Philae Carver.



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Star

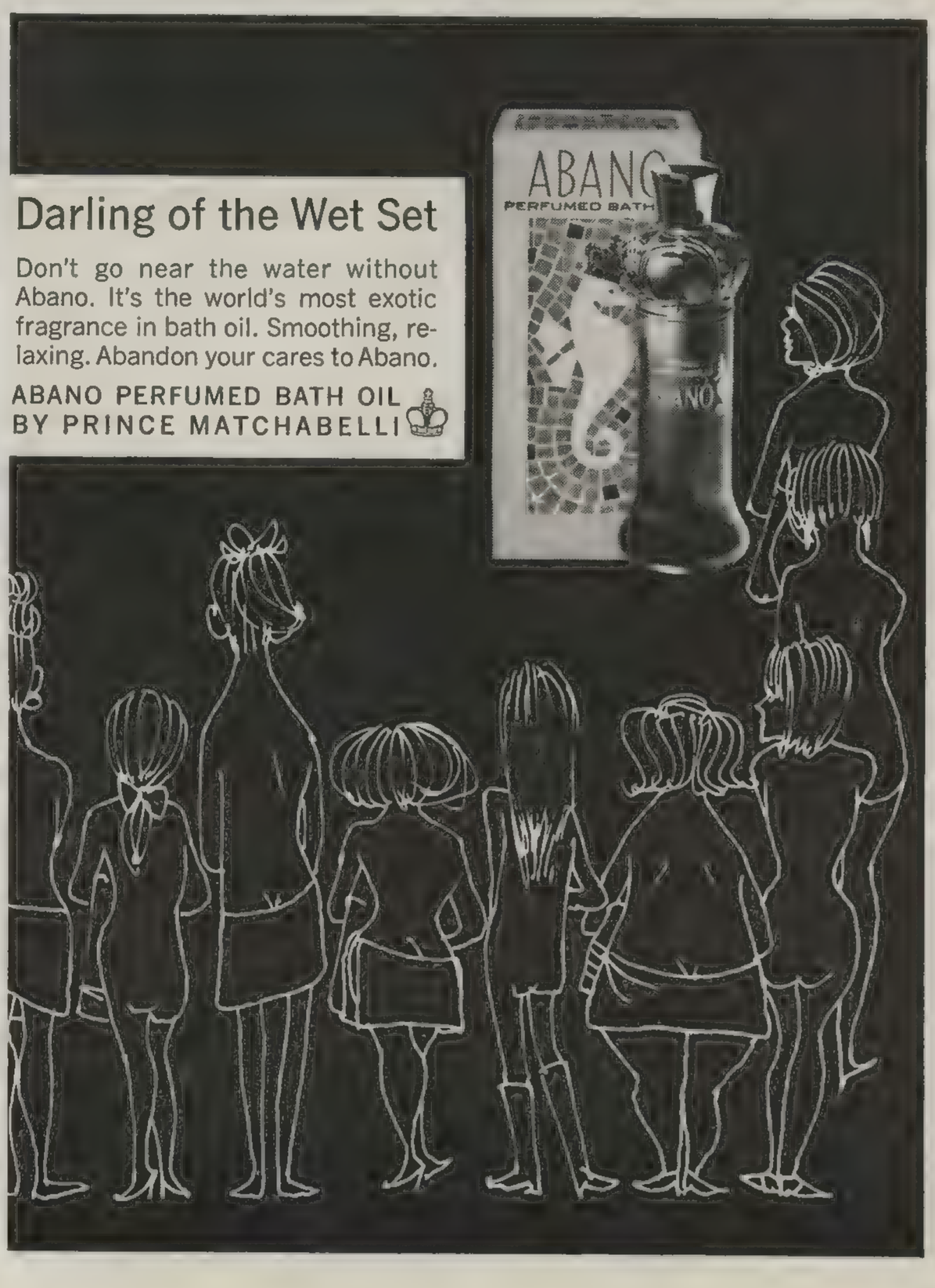
Shining palely in the festive season, a narrow sashed coat in dreamlike colors.
About fifty-five dollars at good stores and college shops

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Darling of the Wet Set

Don't go near the water without Abano. It's the world's most exotic fragrance in bath oil. Smoothing, relaxing. Abandon your cares to Abano.

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BY PRINCE MATCHABELLI



Dressy Italian full fashioned knit tops (Left) in our exclusive silk sheen yarn. (Center) in fine Merino Wool. Both about $25.00

Ribbed dress—about $45.00

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Say something moving



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Something with an interesting twist to it...to give all your fall clothes a fresh direction. Like this swirly-waved Ondine striped Italian square. Pure silk twill in royal, cocoa, taupe, gold or turquoise multi-stripes. About $15. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Montaldo's & Doops, all stores; Marshall Field, Chicago; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C.; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle or write Echo Scarfs, 485 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

A night in a garden of Spain—the De Cicco party near Madrid

Towering gold Florentine candelabra, Tiffany-glass patterned lanterns in acacia trees, and oil lights in terra-cotta wine cups spangled this party given by Mr. and Mrs. Pasquale De Cicco at their finca, La Catalpa, near Madrid. From dinner at eleven—for one hundred friends—to onion soup at seven—for more friends—the Fallaesque gardens rang with thrumming Acapulco guitars, sonic sounds of the Blue Angels, yé-yé songs of Gianni Alès, and rattling gypsy castanets. As dawn rose over the Guadarrama hills, the silver-braided mariachis joined up with the flounced flamenco troupe ending the party on a fantastic new beat—The Flamexicana. 1. Mr. Drew Montague, Mrs. Pasquale De Cicco. 2. Señorita Ana Gamazo, Marques de Villaverde. 3. H.R.H. Prince Alfonso de Borbon, Signorina Marilu Tolo. 4. Señorita Teresa Escudero, Señorita Marisol Martin Del Campo, Señor Fernando Vega, Señorita Ana Calleja. 5. Marquesa de Villaverde. 6. The Maharaja of Jaipur, Indian Ambassador to Spain; Marquesa de Belvis; Conde de Altarés; Marquesa de Perinat; Señor Manuel Arango.



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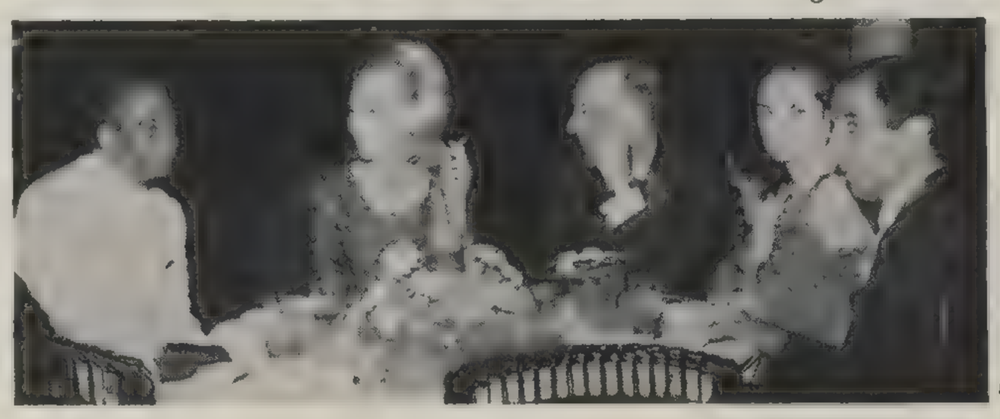
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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

TRAVEL

By DESPINA MESSINESI

Japan's Winter Bloom

No cherry blossoms nor chrysanthemums

"It's like Washington, D. C., in December. Bare cherry trees in brilliant sunshine. Warm suits in the daytime, heavy coats at night—not necessarily fur. No boots." That is how one of the six members of the Vogue team who flew to Japan to photograph the fashions on pages 87 to 113 described Tokyo's winter climate. During the expeditions to the mountains, where the cold is intense, iced winds blow across from Siberia, and the snow is often over twelve feet deep, the group piled on the woollens; wore, for flexibility of movement, a first layer of thermal underwear from neck to toe.

Snow Country, Japanese inn. Many mountain places are simultaneously spas with hot spring water piped directly into the private baths of guest rooms. The Japanese habit the Vogue crew developed and enjoyed the most was the thawing-out period after a day's work in the snow—a long soak in a natural hot spring bath followed by massage—both performed in the quiet of one's room. A feeling of privacy seemed built into each Japanese room, one of the team remarked: Each room came with its own small and enchanting private garden view. Some faced rock gardens padded with snow, others fountains or ponds paralyzed by ice, and some the simple beauty of a sweep of snow.

After the massage, wrapped in kimono, one of quilt over the traditional cotton kimono, both provided by the hotel, each person usually would stretch out on the floor-level "puff-bed," a high pile of down quilts. The team all called this rest period the meditation hour, which it was, and spent it plotting the next day's locations and outfits.

In contrast to the private baths in Japanese rooms, most inns have, in addition, large hot spring pools—as large as swimming pools—where men and women bathe together, or separately at set hours. Some resorts have separate pools for men and for women. In any case, the pools are lavishly decorated: Windows face rock gardens; indirect lighting shines through the steam on murals often of moonlight landscapes, and lights up grottoes in corners. No charge for bathing in the hotel pools. As one of the Vogue group said, "A pool in Japan seems as natural as walking through the hotel lobby."

The great thing in Japanese hotel corridors is the mechanical massage-chair with a pair of fists for a headrest. A coin sets the fists into operation—to deliver an untensing pummelling of the nape of the neck.

At the Takahan Inn in Yuzawa, a small village in the Tanigawa mountains where the team stayed, living was thoroughly Japanese: A maid, more like a private attendant, was assigned to each room. She brought and served meals; filled baths; slid out quilts; provided soap, towels, toothbrushes; was always on call for green tea, small cakes, drinks. The group quickly caught on to the system of ordering meals ahead—in the morning for dinner that night—such dishes as *sukiyaki,* steak and *mizutaki,* a delicious dish prepared at the table: wafer-thin slices of chicken or Kobé beef dipped into a pot of (Continued on page 78)



A woman's most important accessory ...her escort.

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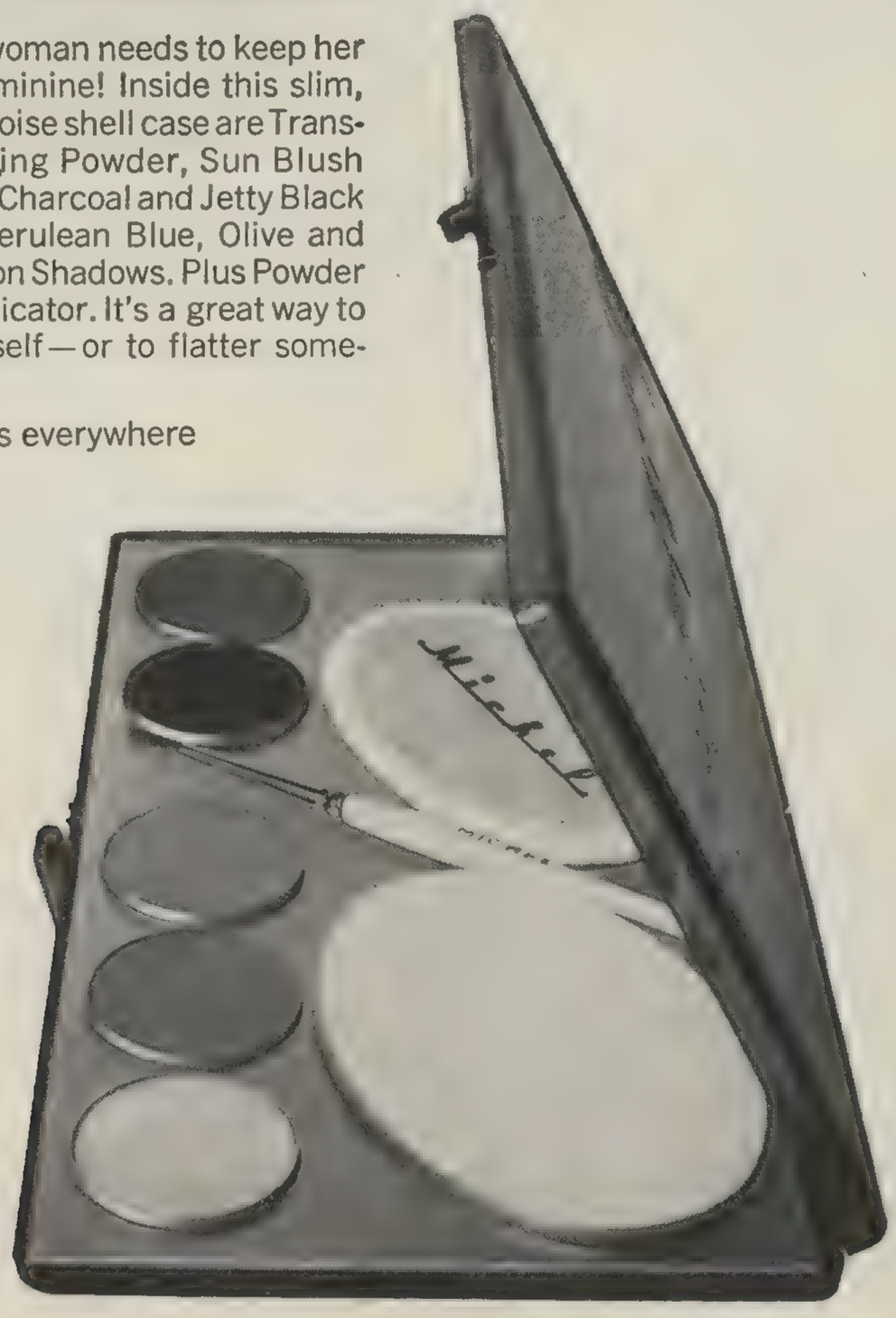


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At finer stores everywhere



Japan's Winter Bloom

(Continued from page 77)

boiling broth and followed by a vegetable course of mushrooms, Chinese cabbage, leeks, also quick-boiled in broth. Served with both courses, in a separate small bowl: a sauce of ground sesame, the punchy addition for each mouthful.

Most hotels also cook an adequate American hot breakfast of ham and eggs, toast, and coffee, provided it is ordered the night before. In each heated room, seating arrangements were cushions, and, in some, diners' feet were warmed over a sunken pot of hot, red coals under the six-inch-high table.

Mood of the North. The story of that Japanese classic novel *Snow Country*, the masterpiece of Japan's greatest living author, Yasunari Kawabata, takes place at the Takahan Inn in the "dark Snow Country." Photographs hung around the Takahan are stills from the movie that was adapted from and named after the book, and filmed at the inn. *Note:* The book, *Snow Country*, is published in the United States in a paperback edition.

Surprisingly, the strawberry season in Japan comes with Christmas, continues to Easter. The berries thrive in the warm Izu Peninsula, about one hundred miles south of Tokyo. There, cultivated against stone walls which store the sun's rays, the fruit ripens without danger from frost. Japanese strawberries, *ichigo*, grow large, narrow and long, about one and a half inches, and are sweet. Sugar not necessary. Another refreshing fruit in season in winter is the mandarin orange, *mikan*, round, not very big and glossy. "Juicier and sweeter than tangerines," said one of the Vogue crew.

About prices. In a Japanese inn, room with bath for one person including breakfast and dinner, about $11. . . . Massage from $2 to $3. . . . The services of an English-speaking guide including his board and lodging when guiding around Japan, about $20 a day, plus transportation. . . . J.T.B., Japan Travel Bureau, with its network of offices all over Japan, makes arrangements for guides, hotels, planes, and trains. . . . On the "fast" train, Tokyo to Yuzawa in the snow country, the three-hour ride in first class, $7; no charge for dancing to a jukebox in the lounge car. Menus in dining cars are Japanese-English; food is good and reasonable, about $2 for one. . . . *O-bento*, the pretty box-luncheon sold in railroad stations, fifty cents. . . . The Vogue team used as their general headquarters for operations, the Tokyo Hilton, with its helpful staff and silken service; single room about $15. . . . One U. S. dollar buys three hundred and sixty yen. . . .

Transportation to Japan. In the spirit of the Japanese saying that the shortest route is a waste of time, the Vogue team flew from Paris across most of Europe, the Middle East, and Asia to Tokyo. Aboard the Air France flight, flying time between each of the six stops—between three to four and a half hours long—lasted just long enough for the routine of hot towels, local newspapers, and a delicious meal, course after course, plus champagne and caviar—altogether "resembling a Thanksgiving dinner."

Plane chatter: comparing the impressions and purchases gained at the last touchdown. From Tehran, strong Persian cigarettes. From Bangkok, dolls, mother-of-pearl spoons, long snakeskins with heads, slingshots plus sharp knives (confiscated by the Japanese customs on arrival, but delivered on departure). From Saigon, tortoiseshell bracelets, eighteenth-century seals of lead.

On the return flight, the group took Air France's shortcut flight over the North Pole to Paris. Either Paris to Tokyo routing: $2,139, round trip, first class; $1,288, economy.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By MARYA MANNES

Georgy Girl, "*bold and fresh and funny*"

Out of England, that tortured kingdom, has come a film funnier, free-er, more playful and imaginative than anything Hollywood has produced within memory. The trials, turmoils, and final triumph of a girl who looks like the back of a lorry, loping and clowning in a belted Mac, flat shoes, and a horse's tail of stringy hair, ferociously hiding a heart and soul of immense tenderness and vulnerability—this female played so brilliantly by yet another Redgrave, Lynn, you are never likely to forget, or fail to cherish.

For Georgy, offspring of a butler and a maid, and given houseroom by the rich tycoon for whom they work, is a hopeless romantic, in love with love, with children (she runs a sort of fun-and-games class for slum kids), with music, and with dreams of beauty. These last are tormented by proximity with a gorgeous slut of a violinist with whom Georgy shares a flat. For every time she works herself up to the enormous effort of improving her looks, she comes home to find a dazzling Meredith waiting for a date, or entwined on the divan with her lover, Jos: hopeless competition. Yet this household becomes in time a threesome in which the very Mod and very uninhibited Jos discovers that Georgy is not only nicer, funnier, and warmer than the bitch he has courted, but that he loves her. And when Meredith, loathing the cause and issue of an unwanted pregnancy by Jos, abandons it immediately after birth to the ecstatic arms of Georgy, Jos and Georgy become a devoted domestic pair while Meredith returns to the tiles.

What happens then—and you may not guess it—is as right as it is impudent. So is the writing throughout—consistently bold and fresh and funny. And so preeminently, is the acting: James Mason better than he has been for a long time; Alan Bates as Jos, Charlotte Rampling as the fiddler. And above all, that new comic star of first magnitude, Lynn Redgrave.

The Pad (and How To Use It), "*transatlantic mixture*"

Quite another dish of tea is this film which is British only in being based on Peter Shaffer's play *The Private Ear* and starring English Brian Bedford. For it owes its movie locale to Venice, California, and the three other members of its cast to what is described as a "huge" American talent hunt by producer Ross Hunter and Universal Pictures.

This transatlantic mixture, in fact, strikes me as the main reason why *The Pad* doesn't really work in spite of excellent performances and some funny and touching scenes. The hero, or anti-hero is a young shipping clerk so passionately devoted to music that most of his waking and sleeping life is filled with orchestral and operatic scores and visions of himself conducting them before rapt audiences. Such is his obsession that he has never managed to get a date or, simply, behave like a man.

Now this shy, introverted, unworldly fellow certainly *could* be an American. But Brian Bedford is unmistakably new-class, working-class, British, completely alien in idiom to this ultra-American environment, to the dumb stenographer he finally flips over, and to his slick, cynical, great-lover friend who, in tutoring the timid Mitty in the arts of conquest, seduces the girl himself. This arbitrary marriage of national idioms succeeds only in invalidating a story that made rueful-comic sense in the original one-act play laid in England, but not enough in this bastard version to sustain a feature film.

Neustadter furs

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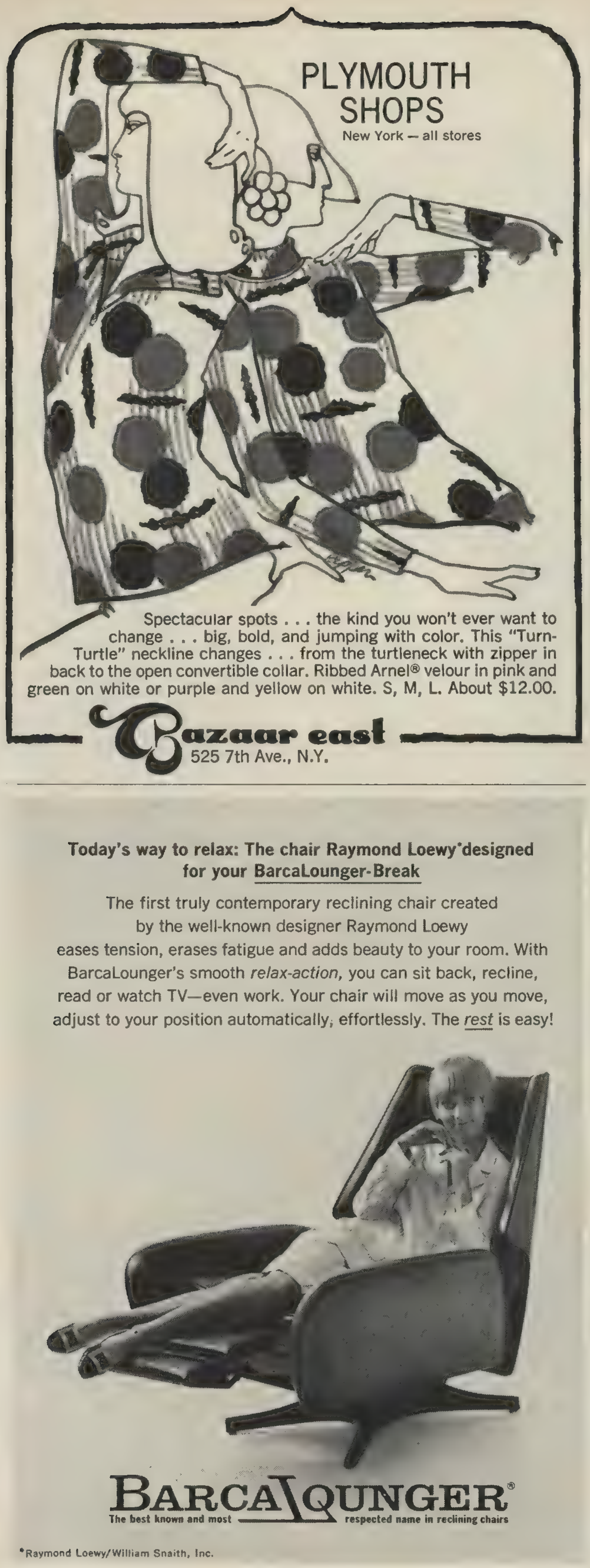


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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By JEAN STAFFORD

The Birds Fall Down, "*interminable imbroglio*"

In a foreword to *The Birds Fall Down* (The Viking Press), by Rebecca West, she wrote, "This novel is founded on an historical event: perhaps the most momentous conversation ever to take place on a moving train. Students of modern history will recognize the necessity for specifying that it was moving. The Armistice which ended the First World War was signed in a stationary train. The conversation in this book takes place on a slow train. . . ." The train is, indeed, so slow and the journey so without incident or landscape that one might as well be in a roundhouse or shunting about in the purlieus of Birmingham or Albany. And the conversation that takes place on it is broken up into paragraphs that can only be measured by the yard. The time is the turn of the century and the nonstop talkers are a Count Diakonov, formerly a Minister of Justice, who has come a cropper with the Czar and is now living in fretful but luxurious exile in Paris, and a revolutionary, Chubinov, noble but belonging to a rank much inferior to that of the Count. The Count's half-English granddaughter, Laura, is escorting him to relatives in the north of France while his wife goes to a clinic in Paris to have her teeth pulled out. It is hard to know why this grande dame, frequently described as "magnificent," can't be laid up with something a little dressier.

Shortly after the train leaves the Gare du Nord, Chubinov insinuates himself into the Diakonov carriage and announces to Laura that she must wake up her grandfather who is sleeping "without disorder" to discuss an important matter. Although Chubinov not only is a liberal but looks like one (he wears an overcoat that is "ingenuous in its malconstruction") and is therefore an enemy of the old aristocrat, stronger ties than politics impel him to this invasion. His father, a lawyer, and the Count had been friends, and on the basis of this old relationship, he feels obliged to pass on some dire intelligence, viz.: He has it on good authority which he documents till the cows come home and go out to pasture again that a certain Kamensky, a factotum in the Count's entourage, is, in fact, a terrorist whose real name is Gorin, who has been snooping and spying, reading letters and diaries, informing, hatching up a plan to kill his benefactor. After hours of debate over dialectical materialism, screeds against the Church of England and the infidel French, meandering reminiscences of country houses in Russia and woodcock hunts there, the Count, midway to his destination, collapses on the train and, in a provincial town, after protracted valedictories, dies. Right up until the end, he has the strength for such pronouncements as this: "Our Russian society is the society which is precious to Thee, all the others are chance coagulations of pagan mobs." Faithless Kamensky-Gorin arrives from Paris and Laura realizes that he intends to murder her, but she scotches his blackguardly intention by sending a message to Chubinov and, once everybody is back in Paris, Chubinov does him in.

It scarcely seems possible that this inflated and interminable imbroglio was perpetrated by the same writer who has reported on treason and other forms of criminality with acumen, with perception of motive and of character, and with tension. There is no tension in this at all, no particularity of character, and the language is as flaccid as the narrative: The Diakonovs' Paris drawing room is crowded with objects "all repellent to interest"; "Kamensky neatened his face . . ."; people are "poorish" and "blindish." What a pity.

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by

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Glove with the time, above: Little beige glove, big bold watch—joined at the sides by brown leather tabs. Sant Angelo's idea for Crescendoe-Superb. Watch by World Wide Watches. Together, $15. At Saks Fifth Avenue.

The Sporran idea, below: Black Dynel tassels swung from a belt bag of moss green suède and worn new-country style—flipped to the back of an ivory-and-brown Tattersall skirt. Ruza Creations bag, $10. Henri Bendel. Tassels by Hoff-Gallant for Hattie Carnegie.



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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES



Ask Neil McConnell about hunting and shooting—and you ask a man who knows what he's talking about. He organizes a month-long shoot in Austria and Czechoslovakia every November, goes on safari in Africa in the spring, and shoots duck on Long Island in early autumn. "I first started hunting quail in Texas, and we always wore dungarees. On Long Island it's pretty much the same—old corduroys and boots. The first time I went shooting in Europe, though, I took my regular hunting clothes and saw that I was definitely Out. I came back and had some shooting suits made." The shooting suit, below left, has plus twos—neater and narrower than plus fours, a jacket tailored with a swing shoulder and underarm vents. It's worn with a flannel shirt and tie, knee socks and stout shoes. "When the weather's really cold—and there's a lot of tramping over frozen fields in Austria—boots and a turtleneck ski sweater. For cold weather, the loden cape (below right) is warm and quite practical. It keeps the wind and rain off you, then you just throw it back over your shoulders to shoot." The scene for Mr. McConnell's shoots is Schloss Enzesfeld, set in 1,500 acres of Vienna woods. The house is part 12th, part 18th century, and is where the Duke of Windsor stayed directly after his abdication. Mr. McConnell and his stepfather, Baron Hubert Pantz, intend turning it into a sports centre for hunting, riding, and tennis, with some forty cottages to be built and sold to friends. At present, guests come for ten-day syndicates, with ten guns to a syndicate. "We drive pheasant for three days, then down to Brno in Czechoslovakia for duck and geese. There were great shoots in that part of the world before the war, and most of our loaders are old fellows who have done it all their lives. They're the best in the world . . . they slap that gun right into your hand, count the birds, and tell you right away if you're shooting high or low. My favourite place to hunt is Africa . . . not Kenya or Tanzania, because they no longer have the variety of game you find further south. Bechuanaland is the best, I think; two years ago I shot twelve animals there that were entered in the records book. You can go a few miles in one direction for swamp animals, a few miles in the other for desert animals. Clothes are strictly simple—khaki shirts and shorts, sneakers, a cloth hat and a simple bush jacket (right). I get everything at Ahmed Brothers in Nairobi." . . .







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Germaine Monteil

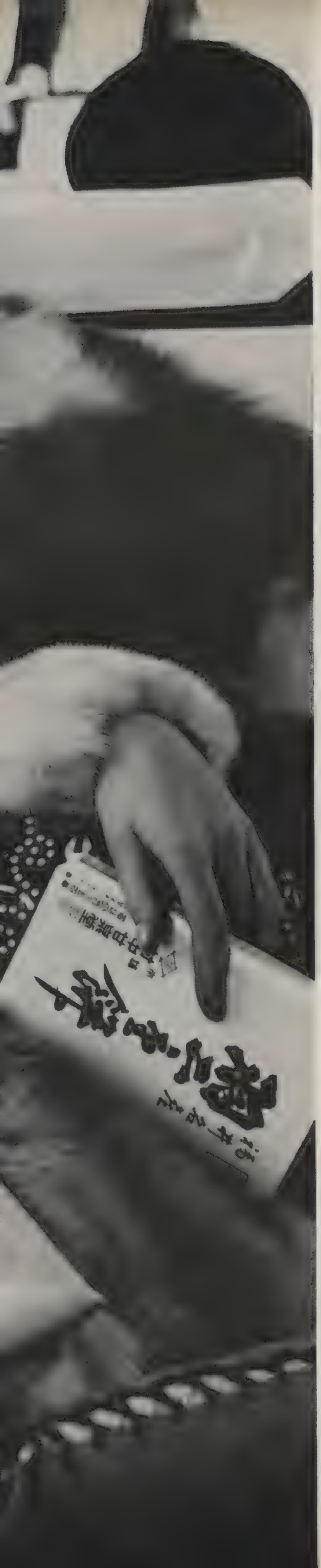
OCTOBER 15, 1966

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW:
THE GIRL IN THE FABULOUS FURS



AVEDON

In a fashion year of glorious furs this is the girl to watch. She's celebrated here and on the next twenty-six pages in Vogue's fashion adventure, "The Great Fur Caravan," which began—as you see here—when The Girl struck North from Kyoto Station, where the famous "Bullet Express" streaks to Tokyo. Her coat, pearly mink, wonderfully light and soft, close to the body as a dress, with the small high bodice of skins worked in the round, the skirt worked vertically. Yards of mink muffler. Baby cap of pale-beige mink by Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Beige side-laced gaiters of knitted wool, beige suède boots; both by Evins. Coat by Ben Kahn of Canada Majestic Pearl mink. At Gunther Jaeckel Furs, Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Gidding-Jenny; Bullock's-Wilshire. Hansen wool knit mittens.



THE GREAT FUR CARAVAN

A FASHION ADVENTURE STARRING THE GIRL IN THE FABULOUS FURS PHOTOGRAPHED FOR VOGUE IN THE STRANGE SECRET SNOW COUNTRY OF JAPAN ... BY RICHARD AVEDON

CAST OF CHARACTERS

DICK, THE PHOTOGRAPHER ..... RICHARD AVEDON
VERUSHKA, THE GIRL ..... COUNTESS VON LEHNDORFF
POLLY, THE FASHION EDITOR ..... MRS. HENRY MELLEN
THE NARRATOR ..... MARY EVANS

Plus the hairdresser, the giant, and other friends encountered on the journey which took Vogue's crew to the fire-and-snow country of Northern Japan where mountains reach into the sky like knicked blades and slice at the Siberian winds . . . not even the shores of the sea can shrug off the snow . . . hot springs boil in the tarnished steaming "Valley of Hell" and cypress trees pose like foxes, which in that country have a way of turning into women. . . . The caravan moves. . . . (*Story next page*)

JAPANESE ADVENTURE . . . AT 125 M.P.H.

Looking like a traveller from Tartary—Verushka, *left,* in a first-class carriage of the Shin Tokaido, the world's fastest train, whisking from Kyoto to Tokyo at 125 m.p.h. At her elbow is a cup for *o-cha,* green tea; in her left hand, one of the delicious box lunches called *o-bento*—cooked rice with regional goodies—sold at Japanese railway stations. Small possessions are correctly wrapped in a *furoshiki,* or square of printed cloth. Pale-mink windbreaker of "Tourmaline," Emba natural pale-beige mink; designed by Emeric Partos, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Beige knickers by Donald Brooks, in Jasco worsted jersey. Brocaded sashes by Calderon. Laguna earrings. Evins leggings of Corfam. Coiffure by Ara Gallant. Dynel hairpiece: Tovar-Tresses.

We took the North Road from Tokyo, in three big black limousines and a huge shiny van, downy inside with a treasure of furs. "There's not been a caravan like this in Asia since Marco Polo," we said to each other. In our cars were Verushka, looking like a golden Giacometti; Dick, wiry with alertness—a high-court chamberlain on a mission of delicate espionage; Polly, like a Renaissance lady-in-waiting, preoccupied with luxury; Ara, our nimble hairdresser; our numerous entourage of helpers and guides. The road was lined with glinting signs and tiny bonsai set on thresholds in the sun for us to see.

With us also was a giant, a young Japanese of mythological proportions who was a ritual sumo wrestler. We had found him in his training stable, dressed in a folded loincloth which sat like a saddle on his Percheron back, snorting and breathing out of his nostrils like a horse as he thudded the earthen ring, practising the brief powerful nuzzlings of the bout. Seven feet tall, he was only nineteen, and he had not yet put on the mature wrestler's girths of flesh. His body was straight and hard; he had an armoured brow and a nose shaped like a cleaver. Wearing a white kimono and an obi of famous weave, he was very aware of himself.

We came to the tunnel. It cuts for miles through the base of Mount Tanigawa, like a peephole or an air vent. It is the only way into the Snow Country, and it goes on and on until your own reflections in the car windows make you feel trapped, pent-up, somehow superfluous. In this mood you burst out into the Snow Country, that strange valley, long hidden, where hot springs hiss up through snows so deep hunters shoot arrows into the sky to beg mercy of the wind gods.

Winds blow skies of snow all the way from Siberia, across the Japan Sea and over the thin coast, until the mountains of Tanigawa flail the clouds and all the snow falls and falls in this one small valley. Every day the snow falls; it is like a winter monsoon. We did not realize at first how deep the snow was, because the roofs are kept shovelled every day, at least twice a day, but then the next morning, when we were wending our way across a hilltop, the giant slipped off the path that had been flattened for us in the snow and instantly sank like a statue into the sea. He was pulled out, but one of his straw sandals—he was quite capable of standing barefoot in the snow—was wrenched off his foot, and it took the longest poles in the village to sound for it. We had to leave our limousines at the foot of the village of Yuzawa and walk up to the hotel; the road, which was of pounded snow, was two storeys high and ran like a bridge between the little moored shops; I climbed down into a little teahouse to get warm and hoped it would not tip when I stepped inside. Not only did it not tip—no one in the shop seemed at all surprised to see me. The inhabitants of this region have been shut in for so long—until the tunnel was built, not many years ago, there was no getting in or out of the village from November to May—that any intruder seems alien, one no more so than the next. The snow sets these people apart in every sense from the rest of Japan; and then it must not be forgotten that this region is on roughly the same latitude as Spanish Morocco. These are a Southern people, by blood, and here they are, far from the pomegranates. But not far from tropic heat. Loving warmth, the people cluster around sunken hibachi fireplaces under quilts and tables in their tatami sitting rooms. Beneath the snows the ground is soft, kept warm by the thermal springs, which are tapped for steaming baths by each farmhouse, and by the several great hotels which sit on slopes above the village like frosted greenhouses, full of winter-weakened visitors from Tokyo and the butterfly geisha and maids who flit from guest to guest. (Continued on page 94)

IN THE VALLEY OF HELL

Verushka, *right*, among the steams and mists, the sulphurous fumes of Jigokudani, the Valley of Hell —a weird hotbed of springs on Hokkaido, the northernmost island of Japan. Here, the earth looks as it must have at the dawn of creation—restless, tormented, seething. Sulphur-water boils from the ground among deep snowdrifts and smoking, tarnished rocks; streams sizzle and hiss into green-mossed pools; the steam erupts in heaving peaks, or drifts into delicate shapes of flowers and ferns. . . . The coat here is fox, all smoky greys and blues, the skins worked on the vertical—bulky and luxurious. Coat and mittens by Ritter Bros., in Saga Norwegian blue fox. At Rich's; Woolf Brothers; Bullock's-Wilshire. Grey plaid wool turban by Adolfo (fabric by Gabbé-Salm of Hanora). Golo suède boots. . . . The makeup on the snow-country pages was created by the extraordinary range of colours and effects touched off by the Geminesse collection of Max Factor, which includes, among other subtleties, twenty-two new lipsticks.



IN THE "VALLEY OF HELL"

Sleek black deviltry where the air smells of sulphur and pine and melting snow...black sealskin redingote, *below,* strapped in scarlet, and smart as a salute. Red plaid turban, shining ankle boots, gaiters. Coat and mittens of black Fouke-dyed Alaska fur seal. By Betty Yokova for Neustadter. At Nan Duskin; Montaldo's. Viyella turban by Adolfo. Corfam boots and gaiters by Evins. *Right:* On guard at the lake of steam — sable toque and a toss of cape over deep brown jersey Zouave knickers, crushed suède boots. Cape, mittens, designed by Emeric Partos of Russian Crown sable. Sable dome by Halston. All made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Knickers by Stilletto. Boots by Golo.

AVEDON



(Continued from page 90) It was night when we came to the hotel. There is a ski-run nearby and skis were lined like pikes inside the huge entrance room of the inn. We took off our boots, and soon their husks were all over the floor; Verushka's over-the-knee Jill-boots looked like pods of St.-John's-bread, good enough to eat. The hotel is built on many levels, with slippery ramps and bridges over streams of stone mosaic. Wooden sledges, straw snowboots, and snowshoes made of vines were leaned on the walls like banners. If this was the castle, where was the keep? I pushed open a door and found I was in the kitchen, surrounded by crouching short-legged lacquer serving trays and helmets of shining rice buckets. A patient maid in kimono led me to our quarters. There was a room for Verushka, Polly, and me; two rooms for the men; a room for the furs. Polly had already unpacked many of the boxes and the fur-room had a marauded look. Our rooms were in Japanese style—the bedding quilts tucked out of sight during the day—and sitting on the floor like small children we talked, wrote, ate, growing giddier by the moment.

We were all hungry; food was brought in, precious little morsels, each on a wittily chosen porcelain dish, and all the sort of food the Japanese themselves don't eat but know to be expensive. Midas seeing to the food himself couldn't have turned out anything more inedible. Two perfect grasshoppers, preserved in sticky soy sauce, rested coldly on two damp beds of pale-green seaweed. The maids smiled. They always smiled: they knew exactly how to dominate guests. We were tired, and it was easier for us to be children; we supped on porridge of rice and tea. Dick and I played how-In-are-you monopoly, with movies, songs, and books never published in the United States traded to move us forward and back in each other's estimation. Verushka, like a yoga's wunderkind, rolled about on the springy matted floor, a tawny cat's cradle of long, exquisite arms and legs. Ara and Polly must as children never have known an idle moment: Polly, like a silk-weaver's favourite daughter, folded fantasies of brocade; Ara wove knots of Dynel hair, laying each golden plait over his shoulders.

Later on, after a pale-yellow sulphur bath, Verushka, Polly, and I decided we wanted massages. Two blind masseuses were summoned from the village. A maid led them in. They knelt beside our quilts, indicating we should put our kimono back on. Perhaps it seems impolite to them to touch a guest's skin. Their informed fingers found each stiffness, talked soothingly to each nerve. The women themselves scarcely spoke, would not answer the simplest questions I put to them in Japanese. Verushka offered them a bottle of body lotion, which is not used for massages in Japan; the masseuse pondered for a moment and then, as if humouring the generous gesture of a child, rubbed it lavishly into her own arms and returned the bottle to Verushka, thanking her most politely.

It is always snowing in Yuzawa. From November to May, there is not a day when more inches of snow do not fall. The cypresses look like standing white foxes. The mountains are only sometimes visible, like whisking wild animals' tails. Dick was delighted. We were up and out early; Dick had already picked out the slopes he liked. Helpers, on rafts of straw mats, had thickened and flattened the snow so that it was safe for us to move about. We marched in narrow procession. Elongated, in boots and bonnets and furs, we looked like the cast of an Eisenstein film. The hotel staff came out to see us off—because they do this for all guests, and because they wanted to see our fabulous furs. (Continued on page 103)

IN THE VALLEY OF HELL: A GENTLE HEIAN GHOST

A wraithlike lady like an apparition in a Noh play, the ghost of a Heian beauty too attached to the passions and enchantments of earthly life to leave it altogether, one of the Japanese ghosts who haunt, not houses, but wild and desolate regions like this. . . . In this photographic fantasy, Verushka wears a Noh mask based on the classic Heian face—ideally, round and plump; whitened with layers of chalk-white powder; the mouth like a tiny rosebud, touched with rouge; the eyes long, expressionless slits; eyebrows completely removed by shaving or plucking, and others painted on higher up. Instead of the traditional burnished-black wig, she wears four yards of other-worldly blond Dynel. . . . Her robe, a torrential sweep of silk in the manner of the Heian lady's costume, the *juni-hitoe*—voluminous, magnificent, with a tremendous fanlike pleated train. . . . At the Heian court, delicate sensibilities were all. Heian gentlemen—though their prowess in love was astonishing—often burst into tears at the beauty of a sunset, or a fine performance on the flute. Ladies composed enchanting little poems, and inscribed them in ravishing brushwork calligraphy, at the drop of a plum blossom. Life was charming, frivolous . . . and hard to leave. (Modern version of the kimono in black silk brocade, by Perfect; to order at Elizabeth Arden.)





IN THE SNOW COUNTRY

Verushka at Yuzawa—hot springs, geisha to play the samisen, and forty-foot snow drifts locked in by dormant volcanoes.... *Right:* A sumo wrestler with ritual topknot—one of the rare giants who pursue this sport of gods—prays for a good harvest before a young tree tied with rice cakes.... *Left:* Pale-honey mink burnoose spread to the ankle. Of "Tourmaline," Emba natural pale-beige mink. Made to order at Maximilian. The giant's hair was dressed with camellia oil; Verushka, coiffed by Ara Gallant.



AVEDON



WINTER LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES

In the deep snows of Hokkaido, Verushka, *left,* carrying a huge Japanese *kasa,* wearing a long, slashed smock of ermine; ermine boots, white mink cap and a mink muffler knotted like a shrine rope. Smock and boots of natural white Russian ermine. Smock by Revillon, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Boots: Roger Vivier for Revillon. The *kasa,* a ceremonial umbrella, is by John Reynolds. *Opposite:* A young admirer, serene as a *jizo,* the children's wayside guardian. Her hooded cape, of white Canadian ermine, by Georges Kaplan.

AVEDON





IN THE JAPAN ALPS: HIGH, COLD

At Yuzawa: facing the snow-laden wind that sweeps across from Manchuria.... *Opposite,* Verushka in silver fox—deep black, pure silver against the snow. Knee-length cape, muffler, mittens, all by Fredrica, in Fromm natural bright silver fox. At Halle Bros.; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Adolfo natural silver fox baby cap. Capezio grey suède boots. *This page,* the same cape with a natural honey-lynx cap by Adolfo. *On both pages,* the giant wears a superb full-length greatcoat of alpaca sheepskin. This, at Georges Kaplan, of natural Argentine alpaca.

AVEDON





(Continued from page 94) On site, nobody paid much attention to us: the Japanese are so fond of arranging people for photographs that they scarcely glanced at us.

Verushka and the giant posed on mountainsides, striding through drifts, resting on billows of snow. It was so cold the giant even agreed to put straw boots on his bare feet. Verushka could not be without her music, and a portable record player spun in the snow, giving out Pergolesi in the pines. Though she never murmured, however white her face became with frost, in between shots we led her back to the hotel, her long legs stiff as stilts with the cold.

Verushka found the giant fascinating; there must be few men who have as much stature—or presence—as she. Once I helped him put on his sandals; he was slightly embarrassed, but he let me. It was a rather awesome experience to touch the feet of a Colossus. He smoked cigarette after cigarette, as if one or two were but a whiff for someone as large as he; and whenever Verushka or Polly took out one of their own his huge hands whisked to the spot with a light. His speech was low, economical; everything about him was controlled. When we had left his stable to drive north, all his friends had snorted and stomped and whooped at the windows, but he bore himself very calmly, as if one could not be held responsible for a crowd's undisciplined behaviour. Among the mountains and the deep snows he seemed like one of the semi-mythological heroes of Japan who train alone in the mountains until their day has come. "If he makes Grand Champion," said Dick, "let us know and we'll all come back to celebrate." What else is possible for the occasional giant?

The children in Yuzawa have sculpted snow-flower faces; they love the snow. In some villages they are said to jump naked out of second-storey windows into fathoms of snow so that they can swim around under it; how they get back up to the surface one can't imagine. They make igloos, too, and build little fires inside; once a year, in the very middle of winter, they are allowed to stay up all night in these playhouses. In the same way, the adults have a ceremony in which they set up a very young tree in the snow and deck it with rice cakes. Now skiers come to Yuzawa, but until recently the only winter industry was bleaching in the snow a certain rare hempen summer kimono. Tokyo people said that something of the cold of the Snow Country clung to the kimono all through the hot summer; but one could just as well say that something of the summer heat clung to the kimono even in the snow and cheered the villagers who were spreading them to bleach.

Living in all this snow changes people's minds. Because snow is always there, like longing, yet always blowing and fragile, this is a land for legends. The favourite legend, one that has spread from here throughout Japan, is that of the fox-woman. A magnificent white fox changes herself into a beautiful woman for love of a mortal man. She gives him children and he is in all ways happy, until he tries to know her name and origins; then, tearfully, she changes herself back into a wild fox and runs off, so that he never sees her again. (Continued on page 175)

IMAGES OF TARTARY

From the cliffs at Tojimbo, on the Japan Sea, Verushka shouts a warning, or a challenge—evoking the Mongol invasions of the thirteenth century, when Kublai Khan sent a mighty sea-borne landing force to the Japanese coast. Fortunately, all the ships sank—but it appears, from these pages, that some of the tribesmen's great savage furs got ashore. . . . Swathing the watcher on the headland, *opposite,* is a shaggy poncho that looks as though it came straight from the howling steppes. Mock red fox, of Dynel; fabric by Borg (reversing to lining of Orlon blend). Poncho by John Paul Goebel for Aventura, $125. Altman's. Herdsman's pants of mock white lamb: Victor Joris for Cuddlecoat. Half-mittens by Hansen. Golo boots.

BLAZING FIRES...SAVAGE FURS

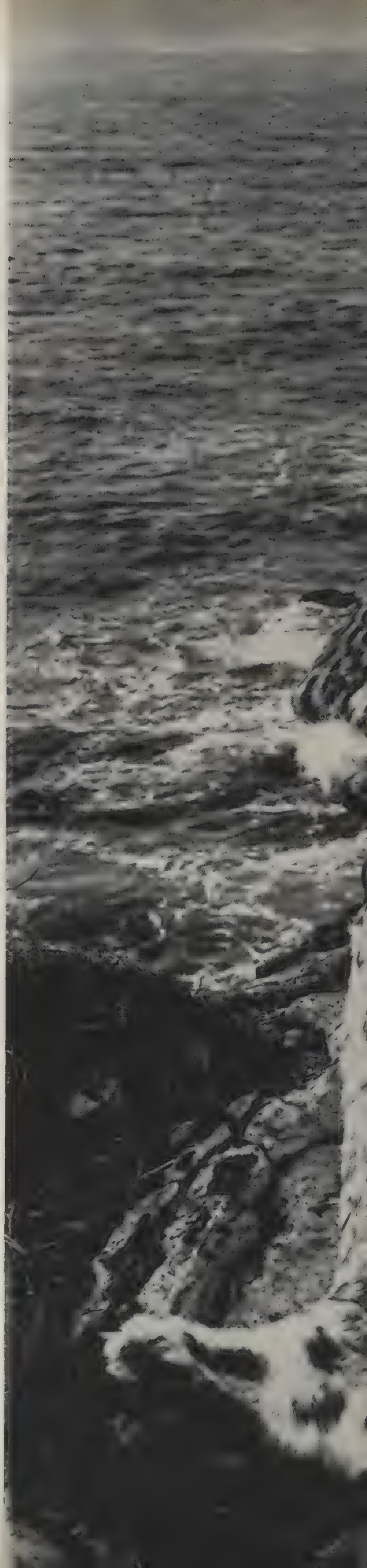
At Tojimbo: torches, bonfires, a watcher on the cliffs.... Verushka, *above*, in the shaggy poncho seen on page 102. Wool knit muffler by Emily Wetherby (Gabbé-Salm of Hanora fabric). Layered coiffure twined with a Japanese peasant scarf. *Opposite*, a marvellous soft bulky coat of Russian lynx. By Ben Kahn, of natural Russian lynx, at Nan Duskin; Gidding-Jenny; Bullock's-Wilshire. Beige cotton corduroy knickers by Victor Joris for Cuddlecoat. Golo suède boots. Ara Gallant coiffures, both pages; Dynel hairpieces, Tovar-Tresses.

AVEDON



GOATSKIN CLOAK . . . BLAZE OF SNOW LEOPARD

On the cliffs at Tojimbo—steep, volcanic, like clusters of stalagmites jutting from the sea. Verushka, *above,* wrapped and hooded in goatskin, holds a bamboo flute called a *shakuhachi* which emits a deep warbling sound said to be an aid to meditation. . . . Hooded goatskin cape with fringed hem, in natural tan Argentine goatskin; at Georges Kaplan. Golo suède boots. *Opposite,* Verushka, gloriously furred in snow leopard—inky-black spots on palest beige; a straight, ample coat with black-leather frogs and belt; tall Vivier boots; mittens. All, of natural snow leopard, by Revillon, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffure, by Ara Gallant, with scarf-twisted braids; made with Dynel hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses.







SNOW TO THE SEA

Above: Looking across the Japan Sea from Hokkaido towards Siberia, Verushka, muffled in wool and tawny fur—a Tartar chief's baby girl in the snow. Natural South American guanaco cloak. At Georges Kaplan. Emily Wetherby knitted muffler (Gabbé-Salm of Hanora fabric). *Right:* Coiled chinchilla toque, cape and peasant skirt worked round and round. Cape, skirt, mittens of Empress chinchilla, by Emeric Partos. Empress chinchilla toque by Halston. All to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Dynel hairpiece: Tovar-Tresses.



SPLENDOURS AND MYSTERIES

Carved acres of gold in a Shogun's shrine at Nikko. *Right:* Before the Karamon Gate—a narrow white mink coat, coif, and tall ermine boots. The coat and coif, of Saga white mink. By Ritter Bros. At J. L. Brandeis; Sanger-Harris. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. *Below:* For a travelling princess, an enormous shining black ciré headdress over a wrapped white ermine coif. Adolfo headdress made to order at Saks Fifth Avenue.

AVEDON



MYSTERIES OF A BEAUTY

Japan's classic beauty is stylized as a haiku...small features, ears like perfect shells...one expects small miracles like this extraordinary pearl that firs exactly into the hollow above the rouge-blushed lobe. ...Hair is dressed with scented oils and combs of cryptomeria wood; the hairdresser, as always, is a hero —this one a famous fortune teller who reads the future in divining sticks or stars. (Mikimoto pearl.)

AVEDON



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The money that floats the elections and is, like an iceberg, mostly out of sight. . . . The new plays splattering onto Broadway and William Gaskill's remark (made in England) that the chief thing that is wrong with theatre audiences is not that they are bourgeois but that they are old. . . . The kick-in-the-eye forthrightness of the exhibition *Erotic Art, '66,* at the Sidney Janis Gallery in New York, a city already happily walloped by Pop and Op.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The French singer Michel Polnareff, who, at twenty-five, writes songs in English, sings them in French or Franglais, and looks, with long hair and *un certain sourire,* like Françoise Sagan. . . . Pierre Salinger's retelling of what has become in three years one of the world's best-known stories in the book *With Kennedy,* which has glints of gossip: After the first of the Kennedy-Nixon television debates in 1960, Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy, mother of the Democratic candidate, said, "I felt so sorry for Nixon's mother tonight."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The strong sound and easy manner of The Pair Extraordinaire, who are one man singing and one playing bass. . . . Shot-sized glasses of beer served in French cafés and called *galopins,* little brats. . . . The wit in The New Japanese Painting and Sculpture exhibition opening at the Museum of Modern Art in New York on October nineteenth with many of the youngest artists' work looking the newest: the clear plastic eggs yolked with machine parts, by Nakanishi; the life-size figures like men in rain boots struggling under red-and-white striped tarpaulins, by Kojima; the metal sculptures of only left ears, some about five feet high, by Miki.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Billy Wilder's curious movie, *The Fortune Cookie,* in which Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau would have been supremely funny if only someone's conscience and a Message hadn't kept getting in the way. . . . Donovan, whose song "Sunshine Superman" stirred folk, rock, and Beatle sounds together until smooth, and came out a hit. . . . Charles W. Norton whose wry and funny autobiography, *It Has Its Charms,* shows his superb control, his ease, his light and knowing feeling for the precise word, especially in his chapters on reporting for the peculiar newspaper *The Boston Evening Transcript,* and as an editor on the odd *New Yorker.*

THE MANIACAL CHARM OF JAMES COBURN

He has the grin of a wicked chipmunk, ash-coloured hair that fits his head like a beaver's pelt, an occasionally maniacal laugh, and legs longer and narrower than those of any male beyond the sixth form. To kids he is catnip. James Coburn, *right,* fell into the kid trap with the movie *Our Man Flint,* in which he played an impossibly rich, sleek, master spy, awash in girls. The image took so indelibly that a sequel, *In Like Flint,* will soon appear. *Flint* is jelly beans to James Coburn. Intelligent, informed, a man with style and curiosity, and, now, his pick of pictures, he doesn't accept young screamers as the final mark of success. Of his two films loose in theatres now, one, *What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?,* is a rowdy, not-for-children comedy. The other, *Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round,* takes place largely in bed or in the meshes of a bank robbery so complex that only enthralled adult minds can follow it. Together these movies prove mostly Coburn. He's in. He's on. He's happy. A driving man who will try almost any gimmick from vegetarianism to three-day fasts to maintain the jetstream of energy and tension that propels his performances, James Coburn, when asked what in all the world entertains him most, said without hesitation, "Work."

AVEDON



ENERGY

Like food, blood, and sex, energy is known to all. What is not known by everybody is how to get it, how to use it. Vogue asked a group of experts for their advice. This is what they said.

Economy of energy is important. You should use the right amount of energy for the task at hand: neither overspend nor underspend. Primitive energy is the needless use of maximum energy. A patient in a dentist's chair who at the sound of the drill jumps involuntarily is expending primitive energy. Some people can not monitor their energy interrelation. The proper use of energy is a learned skill.

Dr. Robert Mumford, a New York psychiatrist, said: "Infants show marked differences at birth. Some are clearly more active and energetic than others in the same environmental circumstances. These patterns of high or low energy expenditure appear to persist into later life much as do fingerprints. So by nature some manifest more energy in physical action than others. The phlegmatic, more sedentary one may be just as happy and effective as is the one who thrives on the experience of physical action.

"The psychiatrist sees people of both types whose energies are misspent on inner conflict and confusion or as a result of it. An apparent loss of energy or sense of apathy is one presenting complaint which is common to many different psychiatric disorders. Or the initial complaint may be that excessive energy has been expended on the successful pursuit of goals which once attained do not bring the anticipated gratification. This is a common characteristic of the onset of a depressive mood disorder.

"Some persons appear to have unlimited available energy. They give the impression that the expenditure of energy revitalizes them. They personify 'spirit' and 'morale.' They are 'healthy.' These people are in relative harmony with themselves and with the outer world of people, things, and the universe (religion and philosophy). They actively enjoy the process of solving the many problems that living invariably presents. It isn't necessarily that they possess more energy and they certainly do not magically create it. It is rather that little of their energy is dissipated on inner turmoil or on the pursuit of unsatisfactory goals."

Dr. Ari Kiev, Medical Director of the International Committee against Mental Illness, said: "Psychiatrists throughout the world have been working with a variety of drugs. Among these drugs are a group known as MAO inhibitors. MAO or monoaminoxidase inhibitors seem to block the compounds that break down brain amines, thus increasing the supply of brain amines and relieving states of depression. They have been called psychic energizers, by Dr. Nathan S. Kline, a psychiatrist, winner of a Lasker Award for his work in chemotherapy. Patients who have been almost immobile from depression and its lack of energy have resumed their lives with gusto after treatment with MAO inhibitors.

"The long-range effects of MAO inhibitors have not been evaluated so far, but treatment in certain circumstances for normal people shouldn't be discounted. A woman, for example, suffering from depressive symptoms frequently associated with the menopause need not suffer if she takes anti-depressant medicine under properly supervised conditions. Anti-depressants may have a profound effect on world health. Symptoms of depression and lack of energy are quite common in some of the less developed countries ostensibly free of the pressures of modern life. Here, too, work with the anti-depressant drugs has proved of value in reducing the magnitude of this major public health problem."

Depression, with its accompaniment, lack of energy, is one of the most prevalent chronic diseases in the world. Certain brain amines (noradrenalin, serotonin, dopamine, and tryptamine) profoundly affect mood, efficiency, and energy, it is believed. An abundant supply of these amines is needed to maintain proper energy levels.

Dr. Robert A. Wilson, head of the Wilson Foundation in New York, said: "You should take, if your doctor agrees, one good multiple vitamin pill a day along with a vitamin E supplement. I carry around vitamin B complex pills, and I take one with my first alcoholic drink in the evening to counteract the blow of one alcoholic drink to vitamin B in the system. The pill sustains energy. So does a balanced, high-protein diet. Overweight is a dead drag on the whole system."

A mild nutritional deficiency can drain away considerable energy.

Dr. John L. Schimel, a New York psychiatrist, said: "*How* you utilize your energy is the important point. You constantly operate healthily or unhealthily as your energy is mobilized, that is, directed outside yourself or directed internally. You contend with frustration constantly; it is part of your energy system. Thwarted wishes must be sublimated, as we know. It is the rechannelling of that energy that counts. In some cases sublimation is smooth, no trouble. In other cases you may internalize and fail to function. Depression, a form of internalized energy, can be highly debilitating. Energy is dissipated in anxiety states. When you are in a situation in which the *direction* of energy is not clear, you may suffer such anxiety symptoms as insomnia, inability to eat, inability to do what you should. Too many people today suffer from lack of purpose or from anomie, the state of not knowing who you are or what you are doing. Energy has to be organized, rationalized, and generally civilized to produce the greatest effect for you."

HOW TO GET IT... HOW TO USE IT... ADVICE FROM A PANEL OF EXPERTS

An officer of the Green Berets said: "The men of the Green Berets have special reserves of endurance, strength, and energy. The more you make men do, the more they can take. There are no special tricks. By increasing their exercise and their activities during training, the men build up their reserves. Their diet is regular, well-balanced Army food. The point is they are pushed, however, far harder than the run of the Army."

Dr. Robert A. Wilson said: "Many women before, during, and after menopause have low energy primarily because they have in varying degrees an estrogen deficiency. From the thirties on women should regularly have tests to determine their estrogen count. For those with an inadequate natural supply, hormone therapy (usually a pill) may help to correct the balance with a resulting increase of energy....A well-practised, fully pleasurable sex life is one of the greatest energizers of all." *Note:* Most doctors agree to this.

THERE IS NO CORRELATION BETWEEN BODY BUILD AND ENERGY. THE PRESENT MARATHON CHAMPION OF THE WORLD WEIGHS ONLY ONE HUNDRED AND SEVEN POUNDS.

Gay Gaer Luce and Julius Segal, authors of the book *Sleep:* "In recent studies it has been discovered that it is not only the quantity but the *quality* of the sleep you experience that may have bearing on your well-being and energy. In one night's sleep there are four phases of varying depth of sleep. Of these one of the most important phases is the one called REM (rapid eye movement) sleep in which extensive dreaming takes place. It is impossible to generalize about sleep. The lucky people are those who can drop off to sleep at any time, anywhere, for a catnap. A sleep as short as twenty minutes may help to restore vitality in many people. If sleep is out, even a twenty-minute rest helps. Older people tend to take more naps often without realizing that they do."

TO FIND WAYS OF FIGHTING INSOMNIA, THE RUSSIANS ARE CONDUCTING EXPERIMENTS WITH EXTREMELY MILD ELECTRICAL STIMULATION OF THE BRAIN. IN THE UNITED STATES NEW CHEMICAL FORMULAE ARE BEING TRIED. YOU SHOULD USE ANY RITUAL THAT HELPS YOU—A WARM BATH, A DRINK, SOMETHING LIGHT TO EAT—TO REDUCE TENSION AND STRESS AT BEDTIME. SHEEP-COUNTING IS OUT. WORRY ABOUT SLEEP DEPLETES ENERGY.

An official in the Department of Agriculture: "Although we live in the most affluent society, about forty-five per cent of the people in the United States suffer mostly mild, but in some cases severe, malnutrition. Millions eat what they want to eat, not what they should. They are the tired ones."

Dr. Sidney I. Silverman, Professor and Director of the Graduate and Postgraduate Department of Prosthodontics at New York University's School of Dentistry, said: "Your face is a critical factor in maintaining the appearance of energy. People respond to how you look and how you hold your head. For most people loss of facial contour comes from dental breakdown. Bad teeth interfere with properly balanced nutrition. Improper nutrition over a period of time destroys your biological integrity. Improperly fitted false teeth can destroy the line of the mouth and of the jaws, making eating so difficult that nutrition suffers. That drains you of energy. In fact, energy at two levels is involved with your teeth. First, energy building is one result of proper nutrition, and secondly, you have a psychic response to your looks. Generally, if you approve of what you see in the mirror, it heightens your energy."

Guinea pigs, dodo birds, and human beings, alone among the creatures of the world, do not synthesize their own vitamin C.

Dr. Vojin Smodlaka, Assistant Professor in Rehabilitation Medicine, Goldwater Memorial Hospital, at New York University Medical Center, said: "To increase your energy, concentrate on building strength and endurance through proper and regular exercise, if your doctor approves. Exercise does not mean strolling around a golf course, a small social game. It means getting out and really perspiring; top athletes during maximum stress in sports frequently have a temperature rise as high as 102°. Bicycling, swimming, tennis, and skiing are all sports that stretch capabilities and build endurance." *Note:* After years of study around the world in this field, Dr. Smodlaka has decided that the British are physically the best. There the playing fields are in constant use, and walking is pleasurable.

(Continued on the next page)

ENERGY *Continued*

Dr. Silverman said: "Good posture and gait reveal a person's energy resources. They make it possible for the patient to breathe more comfortably thus providing adequate oxygenation for the body tissues. They further provide facility and economy of energy in movement. They also permit the head and neck to help regulate the senses of hearing and vision so that you can maintain, for instance, eye contact more readily.

"Infants are born with flexed C-type curvature of the spine. As they grow older and stronger the spine seems to straighten out but then sometimes in middle age or old age marked curvatures may return through disease and loss of energy. This curvature influences the head posture and is further affected by poor dentition. A doctor can tell much about the energy of patients by the way they walk into a room."

Dr. Paul Hunsicker, Professor of Physical Education at the University of Michigan, and an authority on physical fitness, said: "You can immediately detect a woman who is proud of her body and in good condition. You are more attractive when you are fit than when you are not. The physically fit person has sufficient energy to meet the demands of daily work plus an additional amount for any other kind of activity. You train a marathon runner by running him, not by sleeping him. To get more energy, you must spend energy." Note: *The Sherpa who was the chief carrier for the first successful ascent of Mount Everest was fifty years old at the time.* *(Continued on page 174)*

COMPILED BY SUSAN DONNELL



AUDREY HEPBURN AND THE NEW GIVENCHY EVENINGS



Ebullient as the night they invented champagne, Audrey Hepburn, here and on the next two pages, in a gala of Givenchys from his new collection—three of a glorious dozen designed, this season, with a very special moment in mind: Namely, the Marshall Field evening tableau that annually climaxes the big charity fashion show for the benefit of Presbyterian-St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago.

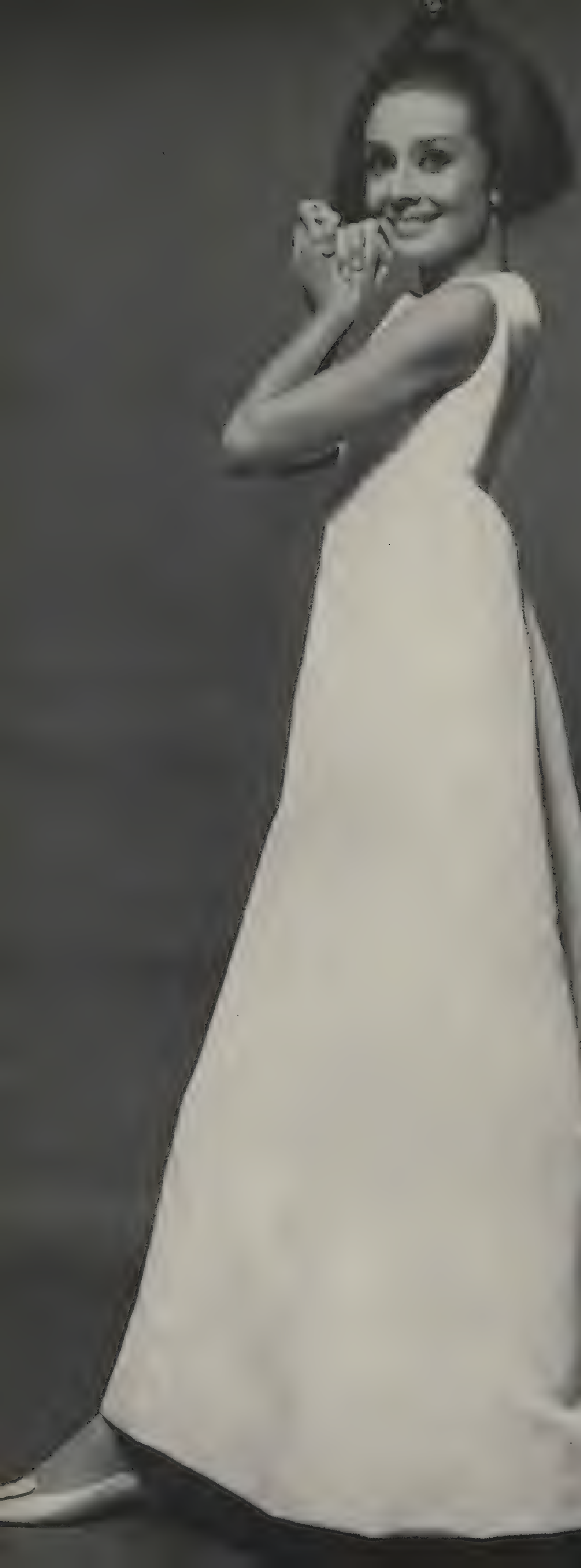
Larking, sparkling, having a ball, both pages: Audrey Hepburn in Givenchy's one-shoulder flame of mauve-and-silver lamé, spiralled on the body and tied with a bow in back; the uneven hemline wrapped up in front to show pretty ankles and pale silk slippers.

Dress in America at Marshall Field; Bergdorf Goodman.
Audrey Hepburn's coiffures, by Alexandre.



WILLIAM KLEIN





AUDREY HEPBURN WEARS GIVENCHY

In the pink, left: Audrey Hepburn and Givenchy's pretty pretty pretty Empire dress—the tenderest of pinks in heavy silk gabardine with a high, tiny, covered-up top; widening skirt. In back: a little spring of fullness above the waist and a slight dip to the hem—perfectly charming in profile, in motion...any way you look at it. Pink on the bias, right and far right: A loose, languorous Givenchy spiral of pale pink crêpe falling to an uneven hemline from a strapless top tied on one side... Audrey Hepburn—whose next movie is *Two for the Road* with Albert Finney—wears it here with one bared shoulder sheltered under a waist-long curtain of hair. Both dresses, in America at Marshall Field.





DARING
NEW LOOKS
FROM

BALENCIAGA

Long jacket, short pants, opposite. Balenciaga pour la chasse: his perfectly proportioned young Artemis shooting off in navy ribbed wool and brass buttons—epaulettes, flap pockets, and the low, double-breasted closing—all buttoned in brass....Navy hat, stockings. Tan leather the rest of the way—bag, gloves, and highly polished boots strapped and wrapped....The delicious touch of coquetry here—and everywhere at Balenciaga, day and evening—guiches flicked backwards, like question marks put to the ears. The costume in America at I. Magnin. Lean-fitting, mean-fitting, right. Balenciaga's devilish little tan jersey tunic for pants—pockets flapped, hem slit. Very witty, very frisky over pants of brown stretch jersey and the narrowest brown leather boots, square-toed, zipped high. With this: a visor cap, a fold of silk at the neck, and—not shown—a long tan coat with a wide brown-skunk hem brushing the boot tops. In America at I. Magnin. Boots on both pages by Mancini.



THE NIMBLE
YOUNG
SUIT-LOOKS
OF

GIVENCHY

Small, lively, completed by cape, opposite: one of the precious little Givenchy suit-looks in dark-green wool and black-and-white windowpane checks....The briefest of jackets—short, collarless, single-breasted—over a dress with a bodice of checks, cuffed at the neck, belted slightly above the waist in black patent. More checks lining the matching double-breasted cape, plus a lazy martingale holding extra fullness at the back. Wide, swinging, moving from the sides, right: the skirt of the year on Givenchy's jacketed dress of navy wool—red suède belt; big, buttoned flap pockets, and all the action in the world springing from deep side folds front and back. Red suède beret. Navy scarf. Red-and-navy textured stockings. Marvellous navy kid moccasins—fringed, square-toed, very narrow to the foot (these, shown also opposite page, by Mancini). The costumes, on both pages, in America are at I. Magnin.



The energetic life of Mrs. Charles Engelhard, Jr.

Straight as a fine-tempered blade, Mrs. Engelhard has a steady glow of vitality, a warmth and quick rapport kindled as much by mind and spirit as by fitness. Or charm, which is hers by the megaton. . . . The wife of Charles W. Engelhard, Jr., a precious-metals industrialist, she has five children and two grandchildren; manages five houses—from Far Hills to Johannesburg (where she once woke up to find a baby hippo in her pool); raises Golden Retrievers; travels prodigiously by private jet; goes to the races when the Cragwood horses run in England, France, and South Africa, as well as here ("It's such fun when you win"); and finds time and zest for a staggering amount of work in charity and civic affairs. President Johnson recently appointed her to the Library of Congress Trust Fund Board whose four other members are the Secretary of the Treasury, Senator Jordan of North Carolina, Librarian of Congress L. Quincy Mumford, and Benjamin McKelway of the Washington *Star*. In addition to the Board's chief purpose—to administer and encourage gifts and endowments—present plans call for the immediate production of a book that will explain the fascinating and arcane mystique of the Library which is currently wrestling with the problems of expansive collections and the "information explosion." . . . On another wavelength, Mrs. Engelhard is deeply involved now in preparations for The Diamond Centennial Ball which will celebrate, on October 27 at the Americana Hotel, the one-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the first African diamond. Her co-chairmen are Mrs. Lytle Hull and Mrs. Edward R. Murrow; benefits go to The Institute of International Education, The Musicians Emergency Fund, and the Henry Street Settlement. Party plans include pre-dinner drinks in a "cave of diamonds," an exhibition of famous diamonds collected by jewellers all over the world—among them, the Eureka, found in 1866, the Transvaals, the Hope. *Left:* Mrs. Engelhard, photographed at Cragwood, the Engelhards' place in Far Hills, New Jersey, wearing the kind of clothes she loves for living the country life. Here, a creamy-beige canvas pants turnout by Viola Sylbert for Albert Alfus, of Wellington Sears cotton, with her own white turtleneck. Lining the coat, lynx-stencilled rabbit. About $155 at Altman's Studio 3; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Sakowitz. *Right:* Pants tailleur of beige wool gabardine, long Edwardian jacket. By Victor Joris for Cuddlecoat. $160. Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin.

HORST



DAY LOOKS

THAT MAKE THE COUNTRY GREAT—WORN IN NEW WAYS BY JANE HOLZER

Fresh on the country scene here, great day clothes with a special sense of direction. How these good looks are worn, and what they're worn with—that's the big news. And, as far as that country goes—right up to lunch in town is not, in most cases, too far at all. The clothes on these and the next two pages, are rambling through greenery on Jane Holzer whose flair for staging (theatrical plans figure in her future) adds extra zing to the plot.

Chevron tweed shift, left, with a softer, sweeter country look, in grey and white with a deep front pleat. Inside the rounded neck of the dress, a knitted white wool turtleneck that she might turn up to a chin-high gooseneck—snugged under her marvellous fauve hair. Dress by B. H. Wragge, of wool-and-silk (Fabric by The Rings); about $145. Fuchs gloves. Both at Bonwit Teller. Dress: Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; I. Magnin. Van Raalte stockings. Coiffure by Hugh Harrison of Coiffures Americana.

Camel whipcord, right, for woods-walks—a coat reaching only to the top of the knee, buttoned like a fencer's jacket with wide-set collar, buttoned belt (this coat alone programs city days, too). Over narrow matching whipcord pants and—a cavalier touch for the Holzer charm—a high shirt-collar and tie. Coat and pants of Forstmann wool, by Luba for Elite; about $120. In junior sizes, at Bloomingdale's; Joseph Horne; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. Coiffure by Paul of Henri Bendel.

HORST





DAY LOOKS THAT MAKE THE COUNTRY GREAT— PANTS TURNOUTS WITH LONGER JACKETS, WORN BY JANE HOLZER

Pants turnout, honeyed knitting, left. And again, on both pages, the honey-haired dash of Jane Holzer. Here, in a long jacket with fly front, flap pockets, over narrow pants and an inside sweater with high neck, below-elbow sleeves. All of knitted wool in honey-colour; the jacket of double-ply thickness. Glimpsed here: a shirt collar and tie (where there's a shirt now, there's a tie knotted in); boots with Pilgrim buckles. Pants suit by Amalfi; about $135 at Henri Bendel; Julius Garfinckel; Harzfeld's. Cap: Adolfo. Town and country coat, right, of navy-blue wool and mohair, tunic-length, with brass buttons, a slight flare-out. With chalk-striped navy wool pants, hip-high. Coat by Weatherbee, of Stevens Andover wool loomed in America; about $55. Pants by Lynn Stuart for Pantsville; in junior sizes; about $15. Both at Peck & Peck; Neiman-Marcus; Frederick & Nelson. Scarf by Emily Wetherby. The coiffure by Paul of Henri Bendel.

HORST







DAY LOOKS THAT MAKE THE COUNTRY GREAT— ROMANTIC CHECKS ... THE LONGER COAT

Glen checks, opposite, for a romantic new country suit-line—gentle curves and the prettiest tailoring. The jacket, side-slit, little flares jutting across the back; the full bias skirt on a leather waistband. How it's worn: with shirt-cuffs showing, hair peruked; pale stone-coloured tights, ankle-high boots (shown with everything on these country pages—often with huge Pilgrim buckles that we added). Suit by Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills, of Otterburn-Barr double-faced wool checked in gold, green, wine. About $245 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. The Lara-look, left, of a slender mid-calf coat in pale putty wool with a little belt and a swing of fullness at the back, double-breasted front. With it, a short checked skirt, the added Russian presence of a huge lynx beret. Coat by Originala, of Anglo double-faced wool loomed in America. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Dayton's. Hat by Adolfo. Both pages: American Astral gloves; Belle-Sharmeer tights. Boots in country colours, these pages, by Golo. Coiffures by Ara Gallant.

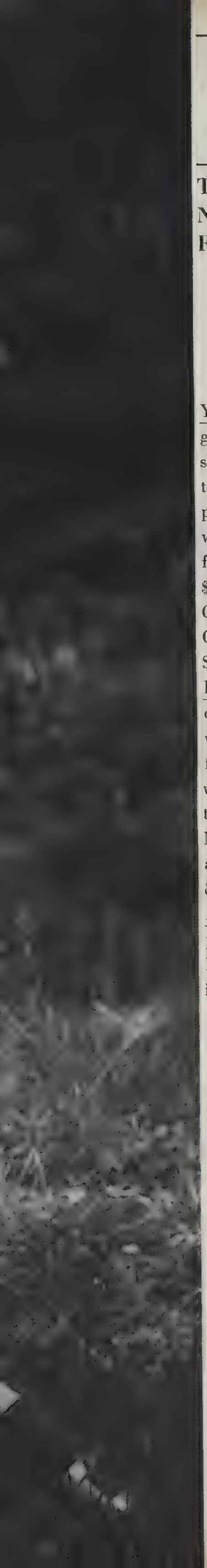
HORST



DAY LOOKS THAT MAKE THE COUNTRY GREAT— NEW COAT IDEAS, FUR RELATIONS

You can't see the forest for this tree-green wool coat, left, with a narrow little shape, high-waisted seaming. Speaking of trees: the brown wood buttons. Here with a pouch bag on a chain, the ribbiest tights. A wool mark coat by Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch, of Italmode fabric. About $235. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Godchaux's. Pouch handbag by Sorella Creations. American Astral gloves. Belle-Sharmeer tights. Coiffure by Ara Gallant. In chevron stripes, right above, a fake-fur coat with foxy colourings of brown and white. Notched collar, single-breasted front, a swing of width at the hem. Here with Tattersall-checked stovepipe pants, a two-pouched shoulder bag. Coat by Lou Nierenberg of Verel (Malden fabric); about $90 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Frederick & Nelson. Sorella Creations handbag. Inside nutria, right below, for a beige poplin coat with deep pleat down the full back, single-breasted front. The nutria lining, removable—leaving a warmer-weather lining of satin. The handbag here, slung at the newest angle: to the back, like a golf-bag. Coat by Style Trends, of Dacron and Avril. Sheffield watch. Lark Luggage handbag. All: Bonwit Teller. Coat: I. Magnin. Adler stockings. This page: coiffures by Hugh Harrison of Coiffures Americana.

HORST







DAY LOOKS THAT MAKE THE COUNTRY GREAT—SWEATERS, SKIRTS; TIES AND SHIRTS FLOURISHING

Buttoned to a tie, left, a berry-red sweater with long raglan sleeves. Romancing sweaters now: the shirt inside, cuffs showing, tie showing. Plaid skirt with culotte pleat, envelope bag chained to the waist. Talbott turnout; wool skirt, about $15; Orlon sweater, about $10. Arnold Constable; Wanamaker's, Phila.; De Jong's. Ben King bag. Belle-Sharmeer tights.

Loose turtleneck, above, with shirt and tie inside. The sweater, pale celery-green and ribbed; a little A-skirt of heathery green tweed. The shoulder bag of linked suède squares. Sweater of stretch nylon, about $8; skirt of nylon and wool, about $14. Both by Koret of California. At Abraham & Straus. Bag by Bagatelle. Stockings by Stevens Finesse.

Suède skirt, pleated all around, right—curry colour, with a sweater of gold wool jersey. News at the back: the three-buckled gloss of hair, the belted-down bag, jailer's keys. Sweater, about $35; skirt, about $110. Both by Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills; Hair buckles by Cadoro. All at Lord & Taylor. Calderon bag. Coiffures: Hugh Harrison, Coiffures Americana.

HORST



DAY LOOKS THAT MAKE THE COUNTRY GREAT— NEW TIE-INS FOR SKIRTS AND SHIRTS

A charming country-day-school look, and a fresh prettiness for moments in the city. . . . At left, tied into a shirt, a narrow tie long enough to tuck into a kilty skirt with fringe up the side-wrapped edge. Shirt of blue-and-white striped chambray; skirt of rust and brown checked wool with leather strips at the waist-sides. Shirt by Ship 'n Shore; about $5. Skirt by Sloat; about $55. Both at Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Dayton's. Sheffield watch. Rings, from top finger down, by K. J. L.; Marcel Boucher; Cadoro. Creamy-white Belle-Sharmeer tights. A little suède skirt, right, nutmeg-brown, seamed into squares, tied at the waist where a dotted four-in-hand anchors. Eggshell-beige shirt with pleated front, a big watch strapped over one cuff (big watches, showing wherever cuffs are now). Shirt by Malbé, of Avisco rayon and Arnel (Crown fabric); about $16. Skirt by Rex Madsen for Highlander, of A. C. Lawrence suède; about $60. Both at Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Frost Bros. Cadoro rings. Sheffield watch, at Bonwit Teller. Leather bag by Bagatelle. Both pages: Brooks Brothers ties. Coiffures by Hugh Harrison of Coiffures Americana.

HORST



DAY LOOKS THAT MAKE THE COUNTRY GREAT— KILT-SHAPED SKIRT . . . A COAT FOR PANTS

Bright little cuts to hand-tailor—a short swing of skirt with pleats, and a coat to button over straight narrow pants. Kilt-wrapped skirt, left, with pleats all around the sides and back, to make in a marvellous plaid—the wrapped edge, in loosely woven wool, could be needled into fringe. Here, black-and-taupe Tattersall with everything this skirt needs: a shirt with tie tucked in, chained sporran, ribbed tights. Skirt: Vogue Pattern 6829, of Anglo fabric at Lord & Taylor. Shirt by Gant; about $10 at Best & Co. Dynel tassels by Hoff-Gallant for Hattie Carnegie. Brooks Brothers tie. Danskin tights.

Chopped officer's coat, right, sloped out, double-breasted, in a perfect pants-length —three-quarters (seven-eighths or knee-length are also possible with the same pattern). Nestling into side seams: a martingale, slit pockets. Coat and pants, of camel-coloured wool-and-cashmere, reversing to pale blue. Coat: Vogue Pattern 6906. Pants: Vogue Pattern 6750 which includes the makings of shorts, skirt, a blouse. Fabric by Labbey-TSM. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Both: Lord & Taylor. Coiffures by Hugh Harrison of Coiffures Americana. Other views, yardages, page 16.

VOGUE PATTERNS

VOGUE PATTERN 6829

COAT: VOGUE PATTERN 6906
PANTS: VOGUE PATTERN 6750

HORST



HORST

The Intrepid Voyage

NOTES ON LENINGRAD

BY PAULINE DE ROTHSCHILD

We arrived in Leningrad late at night. The airport was soundless, covered in snow, white, except for low blue lights flickering near the ground. A tall blond young man took us through customs. The customs men looked at nothing, appeared uninterested. I had been told that it would seem unflattering to bring no jewellery, or only imitation, but to take merely what one could wear or carry in one bag and, above all, to declare it.

"I have some jewellery," I said, and pulled out a pair of diamond earrings shaped like ribbon bows and a flower made of diamonds and sapphires. When they were stretched out on the palm of his hand the tall young man glanced at them. "Small diamonds," he said, and handed them back to me, smiling.

* * *

We were off, in an old-fashioned limousine with hardly any luggage space, so we sat bolt upright, in a sort of grotto of suitcases. The streets were still brightly lit. People were walking about, rather slowly, talking and posturing in the bitter cold. Shopping. The big stores stay open until ten, the food shops, always very full, until eleven. "Otherwise," asked our driver, "when would you do your marketing?" When, indeed.

* * *

Off to our first winter in Russia. Like children arriving at a new school, we knew nothing, who or what of the faces we would meet in the next two months. And like children in some old-fashioned world, we were immediately put in the hands of our nannies.

The nannies are the Intourist people. They nest downstairs in every large hotel. From afar, when you are asked precisely, oh, so precisely, when and where and what you wish to see, you wonder if this particular Travel Bureau is not a little over-interested in travel, your travel. In reality, the Intourists are a group of excellent governesses. "Full-breasted, agreeable ladies," said Philippe. Not very different from agreeable, full-breasted ladies anywhere, except for their higher heels and their soft caressing Russian voices. Low, almost grave, these voices have the beat of poems in them, and in the men's an almost feminine tenderness. They are as susceptible to their own voices as we are. Standing on street corners, they talk to each other as if the one wished to enchant the other.

The nannies try to make everything easy for you, treating you as attractive children who must be protected. From the cold, from lack of knowledge, from a ballet that is not quite perfect. Like all good nannies, they are firm about time, good manners, and the dates of your comings and goings. They hesitate a little before telling you a thing is possible, which reminds you still further of your childhood. It is only when you wish to change your dates that they develop neurasthenia. Because over one hundred million Russians travel, at all times, filling all planes and most trains, in a country of a baffling size. One central office in Moscow, floating somewhere high above the local offices, takes care of all this. It works, but it is delicate. Changes are discouraged.

We listened. Your guide is your interpreter. You have a car and an interpreter three hours a day. After that, you may keep the interpreter, but to keep the car you will have to pay extra. There are tickets for your meals; almost all restaurants accept them. When you have no more tickets, you have to pay. (Almost impossible, even with lengthy meals and many guests, to get through the tickets.) Why did you choose to come in the winter? But we love the cold! And where can Philippe get that sort of fur hat? A *shapka?* (Fur hat with earmuffs.) Two or three lovely smiles. We are almost Russians.

Not very attractive, the rooms of that first night. Small, with stencilled walls imitating a brocade, a fashion of the turn of the century, not very good to start with. Narrow beds, possessed of the dreariest of printed blankets. The lamps were consoling: tall, winged, Napoleonic gilded ladies, carrying lampshades. They must, at one time, have been candelabra in a great house.

The following day, after remarking to the Intourist ladies that we were too large for our rooms, did they not think so, too, we were moved to an apartment, small but superb. Its dark-blue and bright-red drawing room housed, for the purpose of contemplation, twenty-one bronzed bears. On dressing tables in big hotels, a luxury unknown to ours: handsome silver boxes, small silver trays, occasional silver-backed brushes. They are the flotsam and jetsam of pre-1917 travelling cases, the redistributed bureau sets. Each object in the room bears a small metal inventory number, a kind of dog tag, one item of the immense Inventory of the State.

* * *

Before we went to sleep, we observed with interest the first sign of the great Russian cold. Double windows, of course. What was interesting was a strip of paper two inches wide, glued all along the cracks and hinges on the inside of the outer window. A man comes and puts these strips on about October fifteenth. The windows remain sealed till spring. All windows. As you walk along the streets, you see that a few adventurous souls have an occasional small pane that can be opened. But it is usually sufficient, to cool or air a room, to open the inner window.

* * *

It is 9:15 in the morning. The day is the colour of soft brown fur, under a gentle, widely spaced snow. The night-lights are still on; they illuminate the broad five-sided square bordered by flesh-coloured houses with their flat white pilasters. A snowplow goes by. The ground becomes immediately white again. Light never seems to strike a surface but appears to come through walls as something latent and luminous. Not unlike Glenway Wescott's description of a woman's beauty; "A skin you can read by," said Glenway. A spotlight hits, high and solitary over a roof, a small square of red cloth of the brightest and lightest red, taut in the wind, beating.

* * *

Downstairs, our interpreter waited. A strong young woman who enjoyed her good looks, she wore a stiff fur hat straight across her brow. She liked this hat very much and never took it off. We would take our car to the Neva. In the car, there was no question of opening the windows, completely frosted over. This did not disturb our interpreter, who would point out the buildings, St. Isaac's, the Admiralty, the Winter Palace, as we passed, blind and bowing, behind our ice-bound windows.

That day at lunch, for the first time, we heard of the Scapegoat.

Everything in our interpreter's face was round. A round nose, a round mouth, round pink cheeks, and wide-apart brown eyes. She complained a little of her lipstick. Like all Soviet cosmetics, it blurred, and did not last. She and her young husband were buying an apartment. In a stone house, which was more expensive and for which one had to wait longer, but which was nicer. Philippe asked her what they were paying for it. It came to somewhere around three thousand dollars. This seemed a great deal for a young couple.

"My mother-in-law is helping us," she said. "She inherited some money when my father-in-law died."

"Inherited?"

"Yes. He was a good engineer and they were very well off. It was only for a while that she was very poor. When he was in a concentration camp. Yes, he was in a concentration camp, and yet he was a militant Communist."

"What happened, then?"

"A denunciation. A denunciation was sufficient in those days. We never knew from whom."

"It was never questioned?"

"Oh no. But that was in Stalin's day." . . .

"Ah, but since Stalin that has changed. We are no longer. . . ." We were to hear this time and time again. When Khrushchev laid bare the bones of his predecessor, he raised a Culprit for all to see. Stalin could be blamed for everything that had gone wrong with the régime and, since the régime runs your daily life, for what had gone wrong with your life. All that had been borne in silence, the costs that had been too high to pay but had been paid. They would always be thankful to the garrulous old man for letting so much air into the country. It is healthy, they now said, to recognize what is wrong. The old Fox had died and become the Scapegoat. No amount of rehabilitating will take the spots out of those hands.

* * *

The voluptuousness of having one's eyelashes lengthen with frost and one's furs crinkling a little when one breathes. We walked, first one way, then back, then back again, the better to see, to see.

There is a curious quality about the past in Russia, not the presence but the immediacy. Peter the Great is here, and Catherine, and Lenin. The War and the Revolution. These people are image-makers at work. They have the conjurer's gift. The Revolution is here, the War is there. Elsa Triolet, the Russian-born French writer, said that they go from the daily to the legendary faster than most.

* * *

This is an immaterial city. Suspended, light, and quivering over the marshes it has replaced. One forgets that in winter all its canals, all its rivers are white, long white veins, and along this white, the riverbanks are softened out so that there is no difference between earth and water. Along them the broad flanks of its houses: moss green, buff, and the colour, cream-with-coffee-in-it, that Théophile Gautier called *ventre-de-biche*. Then more furry greens, one apricot, then the rectangular walls of four houses and a low palace, red.

But this is nothing. This is only what the eye breaks against on the ground. There is another city above this one, weightless, spired and domed, divided from the other by mists. Across the river, over the fortress of Peter and Paul, a long golden needle, slim and still, floats alone, disembodied.

* * *

When Peter the Great wished his new city to grow, he passed a law: No one in all the Russias could build a stone house except in St. Petersburg. Because of fires a second law imposed wide spaces between the houses. So that you get along the river an alternate pattern of wall and air, a checkerboard of colour and snow.

Philippe said to our interpreter: "Peter the Great imagined this city, created it, pulled it out of the marshes. He called it St. Petersburg. He had earned this. Why did you change its name to Leningrad?"

"When Lenin died, we wanted to give him the very best we had. So we gave him this city."

* * *

Advantages and disadvantages of the sheltered life. No foreign newspapers, except two Communist dailies, one in English, resembling the *Daily Worker*, and the other, the French *L' Humanité*. No foreign-language weeklies, except one. This is prepared in Moscow for some preconditioned foreigners and is of an unbelievably low intellectual standard, written in *Prince Igor* English. (Continued on page 167)



THE WORLDLY RETREAT

Pauline de Rothschild's strategy of comfort, luxury and efficiency in her bedroom, study room

Pauline de Rothschild works, meditates, and writes in the private world of her bedroom—one of the most enchanting of all the rooms at the Château de Mouton. Through low windows the daylight is filtered by the leaves of a row of lindens that separate the Château from its westward sea of vines, the famous French vineyards of Mouton. The stillness is impressive. Withdrawn, almost cloistral, the room has a sense of peace. It is cool, too. Often in spring and early summer the fire is lit. The air is fresh, without heady perfumes: at most a faint aroma of rattan, a wood-fire smell, mingling with the scent of jonquils or roses.

Pauline de Rothschild's room, like a frame for a self-portrait, reflects the range of her interests. Japanese baskets, in black-and-gold, in tiers, some shallow, some designed for picnics, hold her notes which she moves around with her as she works. A profusion of books, on (Continued on page 146)

Pauline de Rothschild, right, *writes in her bedroom, using her high, green-posted bed as a scatter desk for manuscript, the rose-tiled floor for her books.* Above, *near the fireplace, Chinese panel paintings, stuffed birds, a reindeer rug, and, as a paperweight, a Kaendler, silver teapot.*

HORST



Russian poetry, on painting, on rare silver, lies readily at hand, on the rose-tiled floor, on English benches, on low Japanese tables. From a motif of her silver Kaendler teapot, Baronne de Rothschild designed the unique bedposts of ironwork, like green sprouts, lacquered to the glaze of Cantonese enamel. A phonograph and a tape recorder stand in the bathroom where she teaches herself Russian as she dresses.

The American-born wife of Baron Philippe de Rothschild, Pauline de Rothschild has a rare charm and reckless originality. Her conversation is a cascade of surprises and delights. She speaks impeccable French, has a rare understanding of the French as a race, and is fully their equal in wit and argument. Her friends include some of the most gifted contemporary writers, artists, politicians, and intellectuals. But she is, as well, a woman who lives in a secret and absorbing world of her own. Here, she writes; her article, "The Irrational Voyage: Notes on Leningrad," appears in this issue. Here, she reads widely, avidly, to the point of self-indulgence—but critically. Perhaps her only naïveté is an almost romantic respect for scholarship, the more recondite the better. Her mind is generous, but agile and acute.

Literature, literary collaboration are in the air of Mouton. Philippe de Rothschild has translated English plays into French, and is engaged in translating, with his wife's assistance, the works of a number of English poets. Both Baron and Baronne de Rothschild spend their mornings in their bedrooms, writing. Pauline de Rothschild breakfasts early. Her breakfast tray is luxurious, and she enjoys it as she enjoys the luxury of all the objects by which she is surrounded. She reads as she breakfasts, and writes when she feels so inclined. She is a great taker of notes, likes to copy out words and phrases that strike her as she reads, and to jot down her thoughts and impressions. She writes her drafts by hand: on foolscap or envelopes or pages from blocks headed *Ne Pas Oublier*—which she calls the motto of Mouton. A natural writer, rather than a snipper, pinner, and paster, she likes to have all her text around her as it grows, on her bed, or on the floor, or in baskets.

Pauline de Rothschild's bedroom is enviably beautiful, full of chance leaf shadows and subtle chinoiserie shapes. It is a place to work in as well as to dream in: a private world for one whose fantasy contributes to her thought, yet never obscures the clarity of her mind.

HORST



On a white perch, a black cormorant, above, *one of a number of rare stuffed birds given Baronne de Rothschild by her husband, stands above English and Dutch seventeenth-century brushes and a basin of silver.*
Below, *marble, roses, and fittings of gilt lemons in Baronne de Rothschild's bathroom, where she keeps a phonograph and a tape recorder for teaching herself Russian.*

Surrounded by her Chinese painted paper panels, Pauline de Rothschild sometimes works in bed, opposite, above. *Propped against white-embroidered white pillows under a white* ciel-de-lit, *she has her text about her, her baskets full of notes on the bedside table and benches. For each of her rare panels Baronne de Rothschild designed a different pagoda roof of gilded wooden thatch. One panel is hung inside an eighteenth-century English cabinet which holds cowrie shells mounted in silver, and painted shells used originally for a Japanese game.*
Above, *a detail of one panel with, on an inlaid game table, paper knives, a pair of dragonflies pressed in glass, and a five-tiered lacquered* sushi *carrier, one of Baronne de Rothschild's collection of Japanese baskets.* Left, below, *an Indian armchair and an eighteenth-century tub filled with fresh roses on either side of a low, pale-red-lacquered table from Japan, with baskets from Japan.*

BEAUTY *bulletin*





HOW TO HAIRPIECE YOUR HAIR THE NEW WAY....POINTERS, PROCEDURES, GENERAL PRINCIPLES ARE ALL EXPLAINED STEP BY STEP BY KENNETH.

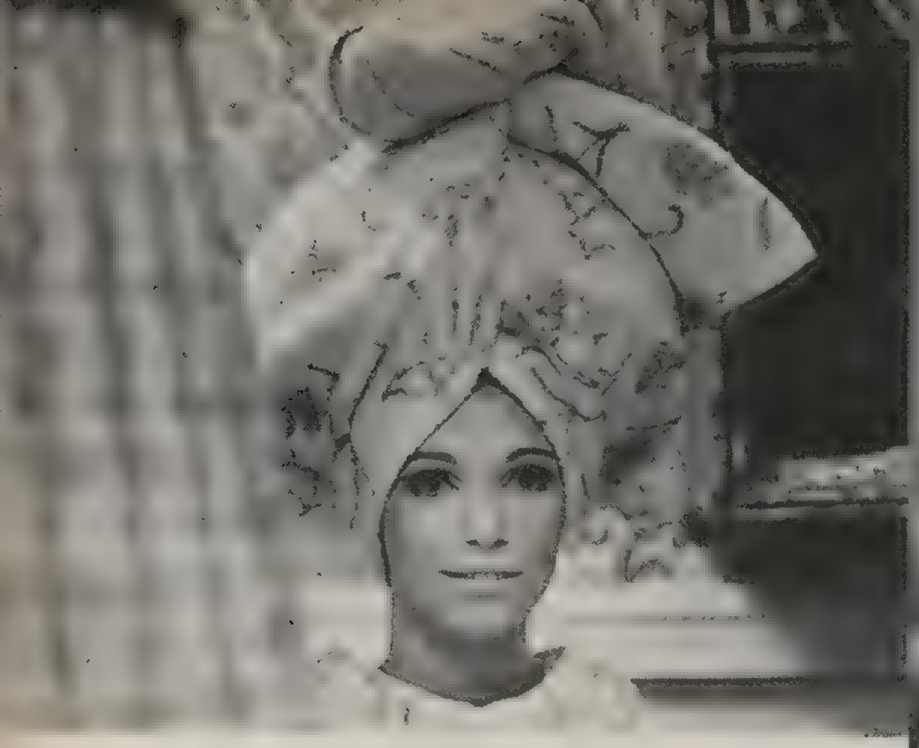
Not every fashion habit that comes along is destined to be long for this world. You know it, we know it—who, in fact, *doesn't* know it? And so, it's logical to figure that after a certain successful run, any fixed fashion habit comes up for questioning. Among these, right now, is the use and place of hairpiecing. And the question of whether a good hank of hairpiece still makes a good investment.

To the woman who has watched hairpiecing take over, over the past several years—seen it from its first tentative beginnings (doughnut chignons popped atop the head) to its full flowering (individual hairpiece collections so vast they need a catalogue and a curator)—the query is: how long can this thing last? How long before hair settles down and becomes itself again?

If you go by what goes on at Kenneth's New York salon (and no more accurate diagnostic laboratory exists for gauging what is wanted by the world's best-coiffed heads), you know the answer. Hairpiecing has a long way to go before it's run its course. The varieties of hairpiece are infinite—as are their uses. Kenneth, a practical man, a watcher of details, and a synthesizer of evidence, rather wraps up the trend as follows: "This hairpiece thing is really only in its infancy. Our wig-room has been going for quite a while—and all we see is increases in its sales. I think it's because hairpieces make sense. For day, a hairpiece can make hair look more luxurious, more full—and that's how hair looks right. For evening, for any woman, hairpiecing gives the head splendour—and that alone is an important part of the way a woman feels when she's dressed *especially* for evening. You just don't have any more of that looking the same, day and evening. . . . Most of our regular clients have two or more hairpieces, and they're all adding to their collections. Meanwhile, we've learned a lot about managing hairpieces successfully." (Continued next page)

Into the hairdressing that feels its way from the wild-woman back-combing you see at left to arrive at the smooth glory complete on page 153, have gone the following items. Clean hair, well set. Four of the five hairpieces you see above. Back-combing (or teasing—take your choice of terms) to bulk out both the woman's own hair and that of her hairpieces. Also among the construction materials: hardware (some forty-five hairpins); a little spray; talent. . . . Engineer: Kenneth. Time required for this massive project: one hour. Purpose: to expand the hair and heighten a woman's beauty proportionately—for one great evening.

BERT STERN



HAIRPIECING BEGINS WITH CLEAN HAIR, DRY-COOLED BRIEFLY. HOOD IS TOWEL-WRAPPED.

BERT STERN



BACK-COMBING BULKS OUT BOTH HAIR AND HAIRPIECES. IDEA IS LOTS OF HAIR.

HAIRPIECES ARE LAID ON THE WAY A ROOFER THATCHES A ROOF: PIECE OVER PIECE.







KENNETH'S STEP-BY-STEP WAY TO HAIRPIECE HAIR— DAY OR EVENING PROCEDURE.

(Continued from preceding page) "You start with clean hair. The best shampoo. A cold-water rinse at the end. Big rollers. When the hair is dry, give it five more minutes with the dryer dial switched on 'cold.'" This is Kenneth, telling how he prepares a client's own hair for the addition of hairpieces. Hairpieces so firmly installed that even a hurricane named Faith couldn't dismantle them; so gloriously plotted that the woman bearing up under these extenuating circumstances looks better than she's ever looked before in her life.... Whether he's installing a simple "fall" to thicken the hair for day, or a many-splendoured invention for a single evening, his approach, and the techniques he uses, remain pretty much the same. Explaining the dry-cooling that's a part of the standard Kenneth hairset, he says: "The reason is, you get a deeper set that way. Some clients like to have the whole hood wrapped in a towel for this portion of the drying time; and some even swear their hair dries more quickly if the dryer's towel-wrapped the whole time."...When rollers are removed, thorough brushing follows. And Kenneth begins to plot the way to the look he likes, the look that works for the entire Kenneth Club. Which is, for day or evening, fundamentally this: the look of luxurious hair. Clean, shining, thick hair—thickened further with hairpieces that build back expansively from the crown toward what he calls "elaborated simplicity."...Except in the case of a switch that's to be coiled or braided, Kenneth prefers to use hairpieces of real hair. "For year-in, year-out use, real hair handles more (Continued on next page)

LEFT, FORESECTION OF HAIR RESERVED TO COVER SEAM, SMOOTH OVER PIECES.

BEAUTY
bulletin

FINAL STEPS TO BUILDING AN EVENING SPLENDOUR

(Continued from preceding page) luxuriously. But I think people are nuts to spend real money on real hair for simple switches when synthetic is fine for these."

None of the real-hair hairpieces he recommends has a rigidly preconceived shape. They are simply various lengths and thicknesses of extremely good hair—pliable, shapeable, re-shapeable. Most of them wefted circularly on a lightweight, minimal base. . . . Actual thickness of hair counts, Kenneth contends. "Thickness goes by the ounce. For a good fall, we put in a minimum of eight ounces of real hair. The thing about some of the skimpy falls I see in the street is that they separate . . . they don't move properly." Kenneth finds that hair is like fabric; it should fall in a luxurious manner. If it's stubby, it falls like a broom, like a bad haircut. If it's skimpy, it doesn't do what it ought to do—which is to add weight, thickness, fullness to the head. . . . Building piece over piece, thatching like a house-roofer, Kenneth builds to an expanse at the back of the head. A small wiglet is the second-to-last piece. The final piece: a horizontal coil laid across the head. Curly little thing, it covers seams, adds coquetry. . . .

(More Kenneth news, page 28)

Extended by half again as much depth of crown as is usual; by two or three times the normal length: hair for evening, built by the master architect, Kenneth.

BERT STERN

KNITS TO WATCH WORN BY RAQUEL WELCH— A GIRL TO WATCH

A boldly beautiful girl, lithe and graceful, with a quantity of mahogany hair, smouldering eyes on a tilt, a marvellously sculptured mouth. This is Raquel Welch, a twenty-four-year-old American of English-Scottish-German-French-Castilian Spanish descent who chose the European route to stardom. It worked magnificently. She has six films to her credit, more offers than she can accept, and her first solid rôle coming up now—in *Shoot Loud, Louder . . . I Don't Understand!* Watch Raquel soar. Raquel in knit ruffles, near right: black jersey palazzo pyjamas—a ruffled ruff on the pullover, all-the-way ruffles for the pants. By Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan, of Orlon and wool (Alamac jersey). About $70. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Raquel Welch, far right: *gitane* beauty, giant gypsy hoops at the ears, masses of dark hair coiling over her shoulders.

UGO MULAS



KNITS TO WATCH

WORN BY GIRLS TO WATCH— RAQUEL WELCH AND NICOLETTA MACHIAVELLI

Watch them right now in knit. Watch them any moment on film. These are the girls with all the new knits going for them on these pages and several new films going, here and abroad.

Raquel Welch in knit geometry, above: mimosa yellow wool jersey crossed by mauve, slithered to the ankle, and great at home—outdoors or in. Dinner dress by Trico. At Frost Bros.

Raquel in knit pleats, right: apple-green and chartreuse stripes winging out to new sleeved softness—delicious on a short apple-green float. Dress by Micia. At Burdine's; Frost Bros. Raquel's jewellery on this page by Gasbarri.

Nicoletta Machiavelli in knit harem pyjamas, far right: the twenty-one-year-old Florentine beauty who, as Nicoletta Rangoni, stars in her second film, *Kiss the Girls and Make Them Die,* plays dark hair, tilted eyes, high cheekbones against an Eastern tangle of flowers—sleeved pullover, swirled pants. Pyjamas by Wilroy; red-purple-green-gold worsted jersey (S. Edwards fabric). About $55. Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Woodward & Lothrop; Sakowitz.

UGO MULAS
NORMAN PARKINSON





MADAME PHILIPPE LEROY'S
STRIPE-GO-ROUND-

ITALIAN BOUTIQUES

HENRY CLARKE



Madame Philippe Leroy, wife of French actor Philippe Leroy, plays stripes from the new Italian Boutique collections on these four pages. Her vivacious Gallic beauty takes warmly to Italy, where the Leroys and their small daughter spend most of the year in a colonnaded Roman villa.

Apricot chinchilla stripe-jacket, opposite: delectably pale skins banded together in horizontal stripes and worn with *Quattrocento* nonchalance over apricot tights. Jacket by Fendi, of apricot-dyed Aurora chinchilla. Fendi jewellery. Domus shoes. Photographed on the set of the Burtons' new film, *The Taming of The Shrew*.

Short-soutane in pink-yellow-orange stripes, above: broad bars of fresco colour circling short of the knee above yellow stockings. Dress by Tiziani, in Staron wool: at Frost Bros. Tiziani shoes. Photographed at Villa Lante della Rovere, Vignola's masterpiece in Bagnaia. All coiffures on these and the next two pages, by Alba & Francesca of Rome.

Stripes, going the wild
new rounds of Italian Boutiques,
play their lines against the
piquant beauty of Madame Leroy.
Zigzag gold lamé stripes, right,
tinselling white jersey — to pointed
wrist pointed hem. Evening dress by
Mila Schön, in Agnona fabric designed by
Mila Schön. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus.
Shoes by Varese High Fashion.
Photographed at Villa Lante della Rovere.
Opaque red, transparent white plastic,
far right, above: plastic tricot
pyjamas — white striped in solid red at
wrist, hip, hem. By Maljana,
knitted with Lurex metallic yarn.
Striped chiffon crêpe pyjama turnout,
far right, below: late-Roman stripes in
pink-yellow-violet — veils of sheer colour
at their widest on peignoir, narrowest
on pyjamas. By Laura Aponte, in
Buratti-Biella fabric. At Evelyn Byrnes;
Strawbridge & Clothier; Frost Bros.
This page: Dal Cò. shoes;
a far-from-tame set for
The Taming of The Shrew
On both pages: Coppola
& Toppo jewellery.

ITALIAN BOUTIQUES

MADAME PHILIPPE LEROY'S STRIPE-GO-ROUND

HENRY CLARK

THE PRIVATE FORTUNE OF A SECRET SILVER COLLECTOR



DAVID MASSEY

Some silver collections belong to people who don't know they collect silver. Children, occasionally, who began unwittingly with a christening mug. Men, frequently. This considerable assemblage, for instance, belongs to one man. Some pieces he inherited, some were presents, some—such as the silver-mounted horn cups—he impulsively acquired. But they're all his (as opposed to hers). It would embarrass him to treat any of this silver as treasure, but he's rather set on each of these things: Everything *works* for him, except the red-eyed rhinoceros which merely nods its head. As for this shining beast, he's grown accustomed to its face.



From left to right: Antique Spanish stirrup cup with mountain goat's head, $125, at Chodoff. Small antique English crystal and silver decanter, $30, at Belgravia House. Tubby, silver-plated cup, $4.95, by Towle. Low, footed dish, $19.50, by Tuttle. Weighty bottle and beer opener, $5.75, by Gorham. On-the-rocks beaker, glass-lined, $12.95, by Reed & Barton. Spiralling muddler/mixing spoon, $6.75, by International. Slender lemon fork, $6.75, by Reed & Barton. Three antique Scottish horn cups, from $20 to $35, at Belgravia House. Small-scaled porringer, $6, by Lunt. Antique ivory and silver English biscuit box, $150, at Belgravia House. Small flask, $25, at Tiffany. Thin-stemmed goblet, possibly for beer, $55, at Tiffany. Portuguese rhinoceros, $695, at the Jansen Shop. Marble table, Brancusi.

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



ORATOR WOODWARD

The cat's camouflage—it's the primeval urge? The animal's marking has become a classic pattern. Every once in a while, it slithers in big again. Like right now. Linda Hackett (left), curls up on the Axminster in her own version of the cat's splash —V-necked pull, well-cut pants, of cheetah-printed velvety plush. They're from the little collection of clothes Mrs. Hackett designs just for Saks Fifth Avenue's "Park Avenue" Boutique. $125. . . . ***The Leopard's spots, the tiger's stripes*** rippling all over yards of chiffon. That's what makes the marvellously moving flowy, blowy floats at Splendiferous; dresses cut close and narrow through the bosom, the shoulder, then billowing out to the wrists, to the hem . . . which if it's above the knee is $145, or to the toes, $180. Splendiferous, 1312 Third Ave. . . . ***It's better than the cat's pyjamas.*** It's the nightgown cut like a smock, gathered around the neck and shoulders—and printed all over with cat's paws; $13. Print Cage Boutique in Bloomingdale's Downstairs Store. . . . ***The leopard in hiding.*** Mini-slips, fourteen inches from stem to stern—in leopard-printed silk or nylon georgette. Delicious. Made by hand. $7 and $20. Allen and Cole, 150 East 54th Street. . . .



ORATOR WOODWARD



This is a grommet. If you play peek-a-boo with a grommet, this is what you get (left). An adorable halter and mini-skirt of kid-glove soft black leather, punched down the front with grommets (metal-rimmed doughnut holes). Betsey Johnson for Paraphernalia. $90. 795 Madison Avenue. . . .

She's a lucky girl. She's bagged Bob Dylan. But it couldn't have been easy—in fact, she might have had to shoplift him. This is the story. Bob Dylan is writing a book. It'll be called *Tarantula*. Macmillan will publish it as soon as it's finished. Photographer Jerry Shatzberg has portraited Bob for the book. Macmillan has printed up 10,000 shopping bags with Bob emblazoned on them. There they are now—the bags, secreted in strategic spots around the country—waiting to be given away. So, until then, if you spy a pretty girl with the Bob Dylan bag you'll know—it's probably contraband.



HOGENBOOM

"Everything is as pretty as an 18th-century flower painting." It's just a tiny little place—a boutique of blossoms—the windows filled with one enormous ravishing arrangement of flowers; the rest, a niche of shelves filled with miniature flowers —enchantingly, tastefully, masterfully put together. A place for people who usually loathe pre-arranged flowers. These are, but don't look it. $10 up. MacDonald Forbes, 135 E. 56th St.



HOGENBOOM

"Good grief, they must be real! They look so—so luxe!" But ahah! They are but clever fakery: Bracelets shaped like sea dragons, enamelled the blue of the sky, the green of the sea—their manes pavéed with rhinestones, their eyes glistening with mock turquoise. The chubby round of a ring, fake gold, crisscrossed with the same enamels. . . . All by Joseph Mazer. Bracelets, $30 apiece. Ring, $20. Bloomingdale's Jewelry Boutique, Main floor—59th Street and Lexington Avenue. . . .

Hip hip Hooray and a Huzzah, Henri Bendel—you've put John Kloss in his place. What a good idea—collecting everything John Kloss designs—his dresses and coats moulded like woollen monochromatic jigsaws; his 1967 sexy lingerie—all in one spot. It's the "John Kloss Boutique" on Bendel's fourth floor, decorated to look like handsome John's digs—white cubes, chrome and glass, Indiana paintings. Everyone knows John Kloss is one of the best in the boutique business. Marvellous how his curvy, cut-from-many-pieces dresses mould to every-shaped woman. And the silver-banded, black lingerie. . . .

Hip hip Hooray and a Huzzah, Paraphernalia —you've scored in a year. It was just 373 days ago that such a bang of a boutique opened on Madison Avenue—stashed with Joel Schumachers, Tuffin & Foals, Deanne Littells, Betsey Johnsons. . . . Folks hadn't seen the likes of it here—or of such free, whee clothes. Today, there's a Paraphernalia in Cleveland, Washington, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Chicago, Dallas, Miami, Atlanta, Burlington (Vt.), Ridgewood (N. J.), Lakewood (N. J.)—and now, L.A. Thank you, P., for bringing real red racy rags to boutique bunnies everywhere. . . .

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

Belting it—in your printed pants tailleur.



FROMETTI

Here they are—"The Models"—Janice Pennington, Gretchen Regan, Susan Schell—three glorious, long-haired beauties; they *do* model a little on the side, but their hearts are in their songs and their rocking career. Last summer they made it at the Olympia in Paris, now are tooling around the New York area. What gives the extra ring-a-ding to their act—their posy-printed pants tailleurs found at the Cheetah Boutique, 53rd Street and Broadway. . . .

Bundling boots or how to keep warm in a mini. When Louise McGregor (right) is in the highlands, she's a snug bunny, bundled right to the hem of her mini-skirt in the great Saint Laurent boots of a season or so ago. Where you can find thigh-high boots here and now: Capezio makes them of ginger-brown butter-soft saddle leather zipped on the side to fit, cut to clothe the leg six inches up the thigh. One-inch stacked heel. $50. Capezio Boutique, 177 Macdougal Street. . . . Up, and over the knee, boots of palest blue calf, supple as gloves. By Golo, $75. To order; Splendiferous, 1312 Third Ave.



Is this the heel for you? It's still clunky, but it's definitely higher—tilting the shoe, the silhouette to a new proportion. It is you? Does it go with the rest of your looks? Depends. But it's a heel that's creeping into the shoe boutiques (mostly on French shoes). In purple kid, $32. Lady Continental, 760 Madison Avenue. . . .



Rome: Popping out in purple— it was a gusher colour in the Italian collections. . . . The passion shade knitted up here (near right) by the incomparable Marchesa Olga di Gresy. In polka dots on white, and white on purple. Sleeveless pull —far right—pavéed in a solid river of purple spangles. Both, I. Magnin. . . .



The bedtime story: Sleep-out in the jungle. Grand new sheets, printed all over with the leopard's spots or the zebra's zigzags. Made by J. P. Stevens, of combed cotton. All the usual sizes. About $7 for double bed set. At Altman's; Macy's. . . . ***Porthault is a dream city when it comes to sheets***—all those ravishing flower prints, those scalloped hems! But their newest—so trig, so forthright —and not a printed blossom in sight. They're just big acres of snow-white percale —only decoration, two wide, woven-in-satin bands, one white, the other navy blue. $85 double bed set. Porthault, 55 East 57th Street. . . .

WILLIAM KLEIN

Notes on Leningrad

(Continued from page 143)

No telephone books. There were none printed.

There was no way of ringing anyone up if you hadn't the number.

Letters reached us in about three weeks. For customary visitors to Russia, letters take about eight days. These delays are slightly illogical, since there seems to be no censorship on cables, and you can telephone anywhere in the world—within a quarter of an hour, if you are in Moscow; if you are away from Moscow, within the hour—for as long as you wish the conversation to last.

* * *

At the Hermitage Museum, we presented our credentials to Madame Edovina. A sort of bridge of tact and warmth between the invisible directors of the museum and the outside world.

Her office had enormously high windows giving on the Neva, and the usual Russian desks, most comforting as they seem big enough to lie down on. We would meet there twice a day, and she would plan our day for us. We would have conversations, very worldly in the sense of light and teasing questions and answers that did not take you very far afield. She said that she would have liked to invite us for lunch on New Year's Day, but that couldn't be, and she offered us some delicious chocolates disguised as large gold coins. There began a series of relationships, more bewitching even than the works of art.

There was, for instance, the Meteor. She was the head of the Byzantine department, a world-renowned scholar, and we had been most anxious to see her. No appointments had been feasible. She came upon us one day in a long gallery. "I am a meteor," she said, and vanished. Eventually she gave us a long afternoon's care, way past closing time, and, as a proper meteor, she would turn to light up dark rooms and dim cases. We told her that we knew less than nothing about Byzantine art, and instead of boring her this seemed to refresh her spirits. After this, when we were with other curators, she would suddenly appear for a few seconds' conversation. There was something long and English about the shape of her face, and she combined languor with speed as the English so often do.

* * *

Then, there was the passing glimpse of the Rich People. Madame I.'s gay voice and witty looks had brought her three husbands. The last one, a brilliantly intelligent Armenian, had been the director of the Hermitage. "Very intelligent, but what a temper! Impossible in the house, that temper," she said. She then touched the grey lamb of her small fur cuffs and collar and swung faster the pleats of her grey tweed skirt. Perhaps one should love some husbands for show, others for use. We passed a Bonnard. "This landscape was given to us by a collector," she said, "two years ago."

"People here still have collections?" asked Philippe.

"Why not? Of course," sounded the happy voice. "We have everything here, even Rich People."

"And they have collections?"

"Of course." With an undertone, rather offended, of: Do-you-think-capitalists-the-only-ones-to-have-collections?

* * *

The inn at Tsarskoye Selo, (the Czar's Hamlet, now called Pushkin) is a simple, square, three-storeyed wooden building, painted white, rather like the Massachusetts houses of the early nineteenth century. The room in which we sat for lunch was light, high, rather like a schoolroom. Through its long windows and the interlacing of the furry white branches of the frozen trees, the domes of Catherine's chapel could be counted. Freshly gilded in the sun against a Mary-Mother-of-God blue sky. Five, seven onion domes, sometimes nine, never anywhere an even number.

Madame N., a great beauty, had large grey-green eyes, straight black lashes, dark hair brought back into a knot, pearl earrings through her pierced ears. She wore a soft cardigan of the type we all own buttoned up to the neck. When she walked or stood she kept her arms close to her ribs, which increased her length and narrowness. A tweed skirt. A small jewel. Nothing, yet *le comble de l'élégance* as the French say. Which is wrongly translated, I think, as the "height of elegance." It is more: "elegance fulfilled."

All Russians have patriotic principles. Madame N.'s came out rather unexpectedly. A Frenchwoman, across the table, spoke of the past of Catherine the Great somewhat wistfully. How well the Empress had organized herself, reigning, collecting, taking her pick of any men at court, *se tapant* (the equivalent of helping yourself a little too quickly and recklessly but with thorough enjoyment), "se tapant les ambassadeurs."

"No, I've never heard that about Catherine the Great," came the prompt reply, "she never slept with foreigners."

One is struck by the number of green-coloured houses. Everything Rastrelli, Catherine's architect, built, is blue-green or green, so of course the Winter Palace returned to its original green after 1917. The inventor of Boeuf Stroganov lived in a charming green eighteenth-century palace on a wide canal. The café called the Frogs, where one goes to eat ices, is green. On the other hand the nineteenth century is mostly yellow and white, like the Youssoupoff house from which Rasputin was dragged, a very large man to die in so small a river.

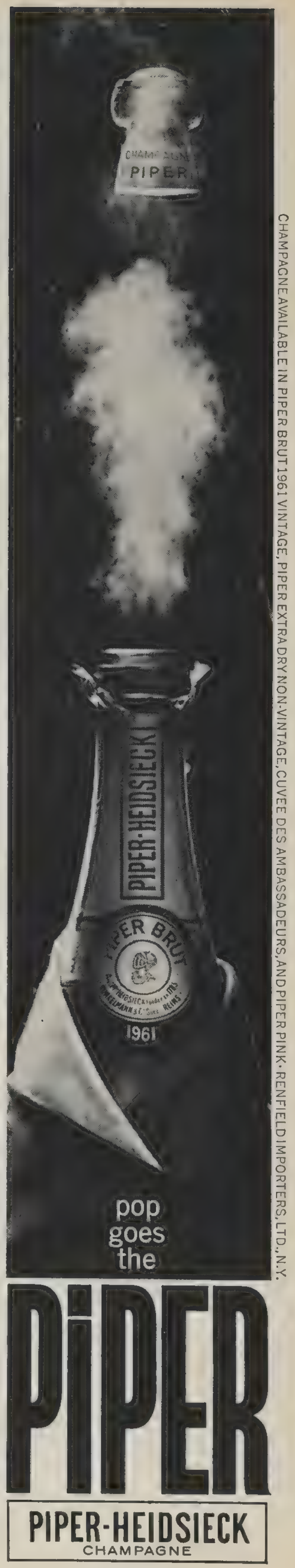
At Tsarskoye Selo, Catherine's head gardener lived next to the palace in a large house of the most exquisite proportions, the colour of a heart of artichoke, and corresponded there with Thomas Jefferson. Just to look at this house is a form of happiness.

* * *

"On the 24th of October, 1917," reads the sign, "this palace was open to the people."

It is curious how the Soviets manage to convince the crowds that all that they see belongs to

(Continued on page 168)





Please . . . give him his daily bread!

OMAR EMILIO NINO, COLOMBIAN, AGE 5. One of six children. Father ill. Works as shoemaker occasionally. Earns about $30 a month. Mother lame. Surgery four times. Leg in cast now. Live in one room. Barely furnished. Brick floor. Cardboard ceiling. No facilities. Wash clothes in public washing place. Diet limited. No meat or milk. Children undernourished. Parents sick with worry over children they cannot adequately shelter, feed and clothe. Help to Omar means help to entire family.

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Notes on Leningrad

(Continued from page 167

them; I have never felt this to be true elsewhere in any other national collections. Perhaps if the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York put up a small sign saying, "In 1870 this museum was open to the people," it would have an agreeable effect.

* * *

At times, curators of other departments would join us at Tsarskoye Selo and, as they were all friends, would make comments. This was a sort of refresher course for them and would make of our visit a trip through strangeness, with people getting on and off the bus. There was the morning when the Head of the Decorative Arts was to shepherd us. The decorative arts were to include silver, porcelain, glass, such apartments as the Czarina's, and furniture, too, perhaps, though I was never to find out. This very tall and imposing gentleman showed us the Sèvres a certain Czar ordered, the silver tureens Count Orlov, the most interesting of the lovers, had brought back from his visit to Paris. Philippe showed no signs of excitement.

Once or twice he would ask, "Isn't Madame N. joining us?"

We passed the great silver service made by Louis XV's silversmith, Germain. Philippe's indifference, I thought, was perhaps due to the silver's being black, as Russian museums never clean their silver.

Philippe turned to the serious and by then somewhat silent man. "I am not interested in Germain," said Philippe.

The serious man quickly stepped to a telephone and dialled a number. "M. de Rothschild only wants to look at Madame N.," he said. "So would you please ask her to come down."

* * *

The street is a street of bankers. The men are all in fur hats, handsome fur collars on their overcoats, the most modest driver or delivery man has the most perfect astrakhan. They wear their fur *shapkas* with the ear covers not tied down but standing out. This makes them look like dogs on their hind legs, their fine ears flapping. When the high dogs with the flapping ears go home, the streets seem still more brightly lit.

What makes one turn one's head is the courtesy of the Russians one to the other. Relationships are gentle. This is a holiday time, and people stop to congratulate each other. The men kiss the women's hands. I don't know if this is just the festive time, or customary.

Under their warmth, a sort of compassion.

* * *

The routine of the happy days began to take shape.

The Hermitage would close. Every evening there would be theatre, but first tea and my Russian lesson. We would walk home through the square under the trees, each branch two or three times its size with a shagginess of iced snow standing up on it, like hair on end.

Tea came with a sea of strawberry jam. There is a discussion, in Tolstoy, I think, on how to make jam. Liquid, hardly cooked in the Russian manner, or the German-Western-European way, more long lasting. In our jam the strawberries were left whole, as if you had just picked them and left them about for an hour. The hot toast would be brought. Crushed with their own weight, the berries had the sweet sleepy smell of the fields about them.

My teacher was a university professor, the mother of a small girl of six. She could easily have played Joan of Arc in Anouilh's *L'Alouette*, and she would give us brilliant foreshortened accounts of the play we would be seeing that night, whole sentences made recognizable at key points. She had a straightforward beauty and dignity. Philippe would watch her from under his eyelids, not knowing quite what to make of such good looks and such timidity, without any self-consciousness whatever. Yet with banners flying somewhere.

She would draw for me outlines in red ink of the throat and the palate, to get me to place sounds where no sounds had come from before. As a reward

I would be allowed to translate, oh how badly, a Tolstoy fable for children. What I preferred was when she talked of her husband and child, suddenly, very quietly, as if these wonderful creatures were in the next room. When we left Leningrad she gave me one of my favourite presents: a recording of Chekhov spoken by his actress-wife.

* * *

The word Revolution is worn like a flower in the buttonhole. People speak of the Revolution the way mediaeval poets speak of the Spring. The Revolution is a sort of nationality, a country of the mind, their success and their strength.

In the back of our minds, however, remains the thought that there is something of Lucifer in the Revolution and that the Revolutionaries are the Fallen Angels. Something very faint, an astonishment once removed, comes over us when the Fallen Angels are sitting down at table, successful, happy, laughing.

The Fallen Angels, bright and cheerful at home, meet with strange reactions in other countries.

Two women curators of the Hermitage were in Paris. They found that if they said they were Russians, they would be taken for White Russians. This they did not want. "Of course we are *not*," they explained, "and when the nice man staying at the same hotel said to us in the elevator, 'What are you?' we answered, 'U.S.S.R. We are Soviet citizens.' The man leaned against the wall of the small elevator and loosened his tie."

* * *

We had brought our books, what we thought necessary for travelling. In truth a library. Herodotus—very useful, with his Scythian-Russians of the fifth century B.C.; Théophile Gautier's *Voyage en Russie,* in the winter of 1858; Maurice Baring up to 1912; some recent writers like Paustovsky and Chklovsky (his marvellous *Letters That Do Not Speak of Love*). No books on the revolution, no information on the present day. The surprise came late at night, reading on the spot, in the flesh so to speak, the great Russians. Aristocratic Tolstoy's novels *Anna Karenina* and *Resurrection* become social tracts; the cosmopolitan Turgenev writes with controlled despair; the revolution is present in each line of the self-taught Gorky, and Chekhov the doctor asks for a more hopeful tomorrow. Dissimilar talents, dissimilar stations of life, and everywhere the same roar and the same lament. There seemed to be no way out of this sickness, this waste. Lenin's book: *What Is To Be Done?* Except for a handful too rich, or too powerful, or too stupid, every class wished for a change, could not get it, and knew the revolution to be inevitable. Now that the pain had gone it resembles a fresh beginning, a spring. Not a resurrection but a coming to life.

* * *

At a quarter to five in the morning Philippe came into my room. I had been having one of those delicious nights of insomnia, when, if you put out the light for a minute or two, you know that you will not sleep and can hardly wait to go on with your reading. Philippe stood in the doorway and said, "What are you doing? I have been in pain since two o'clock. I don't know what's the matter with me. I have never had this pain before." His face was grey and he moaned a little. He went back to his room. The hotel was half dark. The night watchman almost asleep. Anyway, whom would he call? Better to wait. Until nine o'clock when the Intourist desk would open.

I would walk from Philippe's room back to mine listening to the silence and then again the spasms of cries. During the intervals when he was not suffering Philippe would say, "I have come to Russia to die."

The doctor arrived at ten. I opened the door. Three people stood in front of me, all dressed in white operating gowns and caps. One woman, who was the doctor, and two huge young men who turned out to be interns. I said rather loudly, so Philippe would not be frightened, "Must you be so many? Could you not come in one at a time?" No. They seemed to have brought a great deal of material in tin suitcases. One of the interns had studied in Holland and was disappointed because I did not speak Dutch. In the meantime, two calls to Paris came in, one to Philippe's doctor, one to his surgeon (he had been operated on six months before). The three diagnoses coincided. The Russian doctor gave him an injection and then insisted he would be better taken care of in the hospital. Philippe acquiesced. Off we went. In the ambulance, sitting up, he felt the pain come on again, grabbed and held tightly to the hand of the dark young intern. The young man took his hand and patted it seriously and gently as he would his own child's. In the hospital, there was no waiting and in no time Philippe was sitting up in bed surrounded by three women doctors, all very large and all stroking his bare stomach. He seemed enchanted. He soon went to sleep. One of the shots they had given him was to help dissolve the stone in the kidney, I believe they said, and he could go home in a few hours.

I stayed in the hospital watching the new arrivals.

A boy of about fifteen was brought in. He had been hit by a car, unwounded, but white, suffering from shock. He was given the same warm care, and tenderly covered. Philippe was not allowed to pay for his X rays or medicines. The boy's father before going away had left two packages of cigarettes and some matches.

The next day I returned to thank them and to bring some tokens of appreciation. (In this case small packages of pairs of silk stockings.) My women doctors were out. It was their day off. I was taken to see the chief nurse and two others, very large and kind, and we sat down with my interpreter for the usual exchange of small talk. I remarked that what impressed me the most during this whole affair was just that, the extraordinary kindness. The head nurse straightened herself behind her desk and said, "Everywhere in

(Continued on page 170)



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Notes on Leningrad

(Continued from page 169)

the U.S.S.R. you will meet with kindness." The conversation seemed to have taken on weight. Not dazzling, as Lady Murasaki would have said.

I bowed, hand on the heart, and left.

The heart is much to the fore. One constantly puts one's hand on one's heart, sometimes both hands, especially women. Lucid thought is not to be trusted as much as this heart's instinct, this quickness.

* * *

When you see a queue you may be quite sure that it is either in front of a tobacco shop or of a bookstore. The line-up in front of bookstores before the morning or afternoon opening is startling. Women with white blouses over their heavy winter clothes, enormous as balloons, stand at street corners behind hampers filled with the latest edition of a new book and sell these as they would oranges, and just as fast.

The longest queue in Leningrad is in front of a pastry shop in the Nevsky Prospekt with the best cakes in all Russia. If anyone is travelling home, or has a birthday, or a small feast, one brings a pastry from this famous shop.

* * *

People say, yes, but Rastrelli, an Italian, built the Winter Palace. Cameron, a Scotsman (and what a Scot, with a great classical education, and a taste for flowers in decoration made so fresh in their varieties that they would ravish a botanist), built Pavlosk. In short, foreign architects. But how long do they remain foreign. One should remember how one's eye changes in another country with a different weight of light and sky, and certainly a different weight of patron. With a different length of purse strings.

* * *

The city lights have three round frosted-glass globes, at a little over the height of a man. When they are lit, two are of a lilac pink, one of the palest green. They give off what Turgenev saw in the country and described as "a pale and floating lilac colour" or a little further down the page as a "lilac-coloured mist." The snow becomes more phosphorescent.

Here go the young, leaving the Hermitage at dusk, ten, twenty boys and girls in their grey flannel suits, with around their necks their bright-scarlet scarfs tied in Byronic knots, the ends flickering, as their eyes.

In this light, as they run one to the other the eyes are like streaks of grey. The faces have the look of young Russian skins in winter, a pale smoothness, which is the unexpected result of the cold together with hothouse temperatures. The women's hands, for instance, are never red.

* * *

By now the Matisse rooms in the Hermitage are so famous that one might keep quiet about them. If one could. The photograph Vogue published in 1964 of three Matisses with the young girls sitting in front of them, their coloured nylon bows on top of their heads—it is just like that. You go up quite a long way to the top floor, then two large grey rooms with low ceilings, and there they are, a wild number of Matisses. What are these colours, this incredible freshness? There is something of the early morning of creation still on them. You are given these colours so that you will be present at a feast. The picture was worked out and suddenly the feast was on. The feast of painting. You must see and you must take part. You begin to understand how God felt when He first saw a green field.

* * *

Then, there was the Skeptic. The Skeptic was also a Sage. He unwittingly gave us a view of ourselves which is universal in the U.S.S.R. This view disturbs them more than it does us.

The Skeptic was very short and round and strong, the shape of St. Thomas probably, the sort of bald man who seems to have refused hair at birth. He had firm, mocking views about everything. Except women. With them he was an instant success, probably because they could charm him almost at will. So he had snared with the greatest of ease three or perhaps four beautiful wives. His great love, like Berenson's, was Italian painting. He had travelled much and often to Italy, to conferences of art historians, and to many other countries where research was done, where ideas were being exchanged. This last to show you that he was not an insular, but a travelled man.

One evening, very much later, after our return from Moscow, I found myself, owing to the warmth, the general happiness, the green-yellow Georgian wine, saying to him, as an American: What a terrifying waste this is, our two countries still almost sealed off from one another, when no two people's qualities on this earth are more an extension of one another's. Why should we not know their use of the heart; their elegance of mind; the gentle, rapid sensitivity of their understanding; the vitality of their love of people, just people. They share with us an extraordinary sense of tomorrow. We are perhaps more generous than they, our machine is less cumbersome in letting talent and intelligence come to the surface; and, having had no spectacular prophets, we know more about what makes the modern world tick. Isn't there a formula of some sort, political or economic, that would make a bridge between their world and ours over which we could both safely pass?

"Oh," he answered, "no formula. Above all, no formula. Let us slip, when possible, between difficulties. But no formula. You see, my dear, if you were to say for instance that there is a great deal of liberty here, I would have to say, no, that is not so. On the other hand, if you were to say that you did not exploit the workers, I would have to say that that is not so, either."

* * *

A marvellous looking young woman, reddish hair, quite a bit of eye makeup and red lipstick, was holding at arm's length her strong baby. She and the priest were in the act of immersing him several times and the child howled accordingly. At the other end, coffins, opened at the place

of the head, the profile of the dead raised against the light. "Philippe, you can not take part in the baptism rites and also join the mourners. Especially the mourners."

"Why not?" asked Philippe. "They don't mind."

They didn't.

* * *

During the World War II siege, the people who lived on the top floors died first. They no longer had the strength to go up and down. It was a very cold winter and the doctors counselled people to live all together in one room of the apartment if they wished to survive, each one giving out some heat to the other. At first, the dead were taken down into the courtyard to be fetched by the city trucks. Later people became too weak to carry the corpses down and they simply dragged them to some unused room at the end of a corridor and left them there. The window panes had been broken by the bombardments and the windows were boarded up.

Our friend was only sixteen or seventeen at the time of the siege. She and her mother survived because the mother stayed in bed near the small stove that had been rigged up for them by a man, in exchange for a gold watch and a ring. She would wait in line two to three days for a distribution of bread. People would replace each other in order to warm themselves and then return to the line. The friendships made waiting in those lines still last.

The women in the factories sometimes stayed at their benches, too tired and weak from underfeeding to go home at night, afraid they would not get back.

* * *

All over the world, alas, most saleswomen in big popular-price stores are disagreeable. In Russia, a sort of aloof grandeur is added to this. They are functionaries of their government, and what are you? It is a little like going to the Pentagon for one's hairpins. One would expect them to look surprised, but not pleased. So it is with the Soviet saleswoman, a sacred member of the State, keeper of the missing article.

* * *

Philippe, who is always dinning into me the abuses of religion (obscurantism, brakes on scientific discovery, furtherance of ignorance), was made into a believer by a visit to the Museum of Atheism,

* * *

I suppose that one of the secrets of a successful life is to be made to hear as a child much that you do not understand. In the winter mornings, at half past ten, one goes to the children's performances, not, as in my childhood, children's plays, but the great ballets and the great operas. In this manner we saw Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin* and *Queen of Spades* in the Kirov, the huge pale-blue and silver theatre, packed with children. Leningrad, the most elegant of all cities, has two or three blue-and-gold or blue-and-silver theatres the colours of those of Versailles. There was a little girl with a thin face and a heavy plait wearing a winged apron which came beyond her ears. On her narrow chest was pinned a decoration. People fussed over her and she looked superior and rather disagreeable. Perhaps a hero of school studies.

* * *

The realism in the Russian theatre is so strong that it gives you a feeling of unreality.

The flat surfaces become three-dimensional, the lighting disquietingly exact, the actor himself ages under the old man's makeup. And where are you? Forty years back. No, perhaps one hundred.

The result is pleasant but old-fashioned. Though at times marvellously suggestive. In *The Barbarians* of Gorky, there is a dinner-party in a garden, a remarkable, to us nostalgic, scene of rich, aimless, and irretrievable country life.

The Russians are a complicated people, unafraid of complications. A welcome change after the French, who insist on clarity till the thought dries up, and after the Anglo-Saxon in fear of splitting hairs.

* * *

"They did not need brains, since they had felicity," once wrote Karen Blixen of the Danish aristocracy.

* * *

A country can perhaps best be judged by its children. Here they are, playing under the snow-iced trees, strong and fat cheeked, bundled in little fur coats of black seal, more likely rabbit, but so sharp against the snow, topped by the favoured green or some other colour wool scarf tied at the back. Their fathers pull them in small sleds along the street and they lie back, clear-skinned lords of all they survey. They are hoisted to the top of the toboggan slide, sled and all, and they flash down and spin again and again at the bottom without a trace of anxiety. Calm and collected, true kings.

* * *

The night before we left we gave a small dinner party in our apartment. The head waitress brought us some frail dark hyacinths, the very first. Just enough for a glass and a few on the tablecloth. Philippe and I will never forget those small fresh sprigs.

We loved that apartment. It was at the top of the Astoria, floating in sun. Philippe slept in the study off the sitting room, surrounded with leather upholstered birchwood seats. My room had been done vaguely in the modern manner and resembled a girl's room in a reformatory. In the centre a small, but splendid, drawing room. I wished we could take this apartment every winter of our lives.

We walked for the last time to the Neva, invisible and covered in mists, then back by a small cut through the children's park. Children were playing in the half-light under the iced trees. I thought of the passage in *The Tale of Genji*, the little girls sweeping the snow with the tips of their long black hair as they ran about.

Travellers bring home regret, a nostalgic desire, more or less effective, to return. With Russia it is total infidelity. You wish to go there, and never to come home. And you don't know quite why, which is the worst sort of infidelity, the kind that does not bear self-examination.



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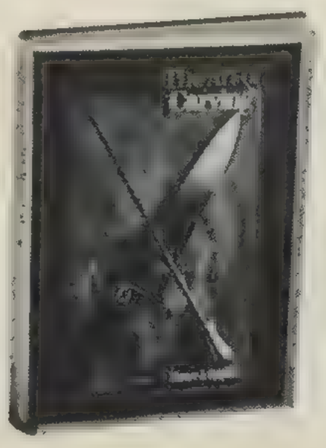
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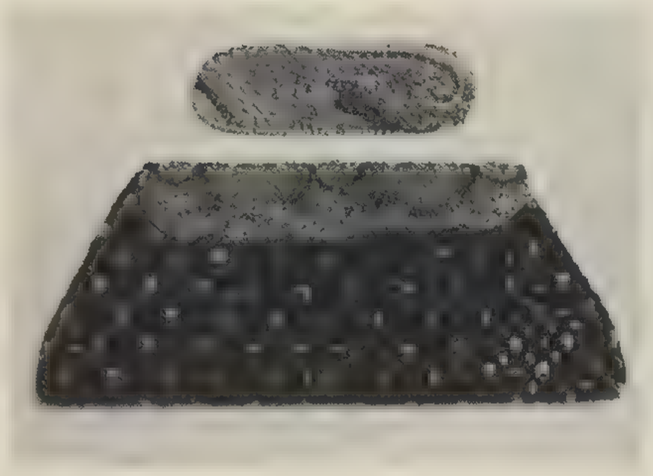


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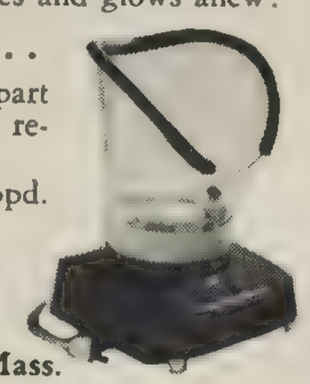
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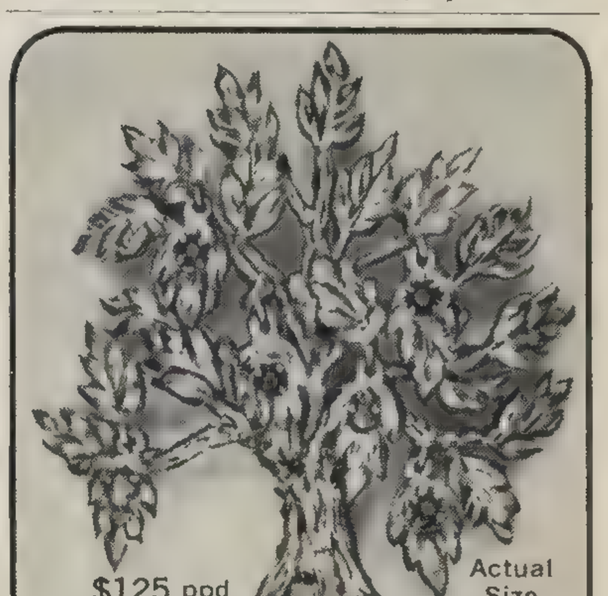
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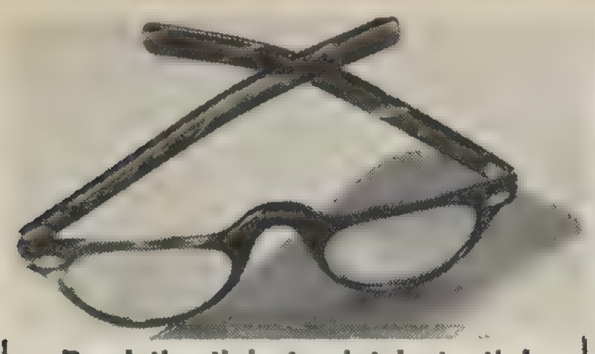


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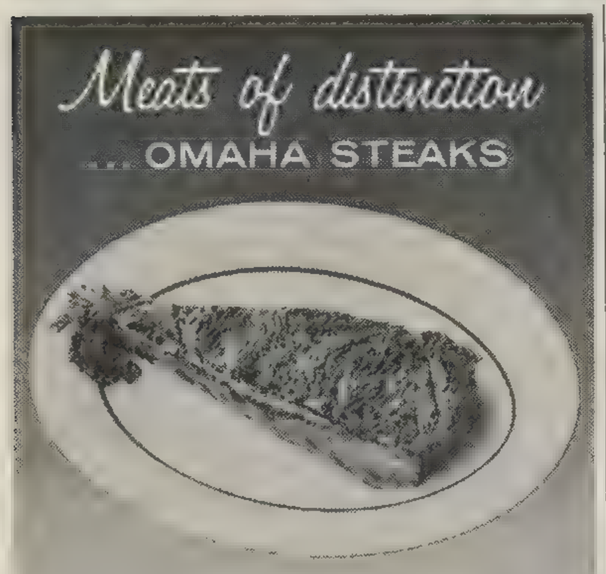
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Energy

(Continued from page 118)

The amount of energy that you have and the condition of your body are directly related. The more fit you are, the more strength and endurance you have. You should, with your doctor's permission, push for ever-increasing physical fitness.

Some forms of exercise contribute more to overall fitness than others. Throwing a ball, for instance, develops arm muscles more than some others. Walking exercises mainly your legs. In a pamphlet, *Physical Fitness,* published by the National Education Association of the United States, and written for classroom teachers, Dr. Hunsicker included a list of forms of sports and exercises and rated them according to their overall contribution to physical fitness. Here are some of his ratings:

CONTRIBUTION OF SELECTED SPORTS AND EXERCISES TO PHYSICAL FITNESS

HIGH	MODERATE
Badminton	Calisthenics—light
Basketball	Dodge ball
Calisthenics—heavy	Ice skating—figure
Dancing—modern	Softball
Fencing	Tetherball
Field hockey	Volleyball
Judo	
Rope skipping	
Skiing	
Skin diving	FAIR
Swimming	Archery
Touch football	Golf
Tennis	Hiking

POOR

Bowling
Croquet
Dancing—ballroom
Horseshoes
Shuffleboard

Great Fur Caravan

(Continued from page 103)

Hokkaido is different. The fingers of its mountain ranges are bent higher and spread further apart than are the mountains of the more southern islands of Japan. It has always been a place of refuge for rebels. Yet in the snowy suburbs of Sapporo all the old men go about in the dark, deep, romantic capes of the 1880's, and the rattan bicycle back-packs of farmers brush against the monogrammed cloth *noren* curtaining each doorway of the thatch-roofed shops. Because of the cold, people move slowly; all this—the forgotten clothes, the magnified views, the thick cold—makes Hokkaido part of the past.

I had gone back to Tokyo, and at Polly's suggestion I flew North again to Hokkaido; she had not told the others I was coming. They were staying at a huge hotel in the mountain spa of Noboribetsu. The lobby was low and wide, with a dank feeling; the attendants were behind a counter far to the right, useless and enticing as toadstools. Guests' shoes, polished flotsam, lapped against the edge of the linoleum floor. Just as a mobile attendant finally came along to guide me, the group stepped out of the elevator, stared at me without a word. Why should they be seeing me here? I was a memory. Then we greeted each other, and it was all right.

The hotel, however, was not quite all right. "It looks like the Moscow subway, only less elegant," said Dick. Polly was writing in her diary: "I must try to be a better sport." The atmosphere was Plutonian. It smelled of sulphur, the rooms were too hot and the corridors too cold, and all night long someone in the snow outside laughed. I kept waking in the tiny room I shared with Verushka and Polly and hearing that icicle sound. There was a huge elevator, which I was glad to see had no attendant, for the hotel had layers of nether regions I wished not to be forced to visit.

Yet in the evening we wanted diversion, and there is something protective about large Japanese resort hotels: shoes disappear at the door and one won't get them back without asking; clothes aren't actually taken away, but one is encouraged to take them off and slip into a hotel kimono; there is a playroom for all—the ballroom. The one in Noboribetsu was large, low, plainly furnished. In the centre of the ceiling was a mirror-eyed globe which turned slowly, lobbing off gobs of light which burst on the outer walls and on the quiet faces of the dancers. We were wearing our street clothes, as were a few rudy-faced local youngsters in turtlenecks, but everyone else was in the rumpled cotton hotel kimono which are worn both for sleeping and strolling; it was as if the whole roomful had been good and had been allowed to stay up late this once.

No one had to sit out a dance: fathers waltzed with their babies in their arms, or a two-year-old on their backs; shy boys danced with boys, holidaying office girls with girls. When the newer songs were played, Verushka and Ara gave a performance: Ara, who has been a professional dancer, knows what each muscle is doing, dances intently and with a little sadness; Verushka is all arms and legs, which she lifts high and plunks down again lightly, laughing, as if discovering the uses of her limbs. The Japanese guests watched, but they didn't really seem very interested. Dancing for them is not a form of self-discovery, it is just dancing. They are used to rituals, they like rituals. Why vary them? Last year's song ended; onto the turntable dropped "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen," and then "A-Tisket A-Tasket," songs which most of the people in the room probably considered to be old Japanese melodies. More or less on a dare, I asked a tall youth in bell-bottomed trousers if he would mind dancing with me. We danced; he would not speak with me. Dancing is simply not the occasion for any form of flirting. He returned me to my friends, bowed politely, returned to his own friends.

The next day we were up at six-thirty. Out, over a bridge, up a hill, following the smell of sulphur. "Do you suppose it's good for the face?" wondered Polly. Then we came to it. Jigokudani —the Valley of Hell. Shaped like the crater of a volcano, it seethes not with lava but with steam. The snow is thick, and steam hisses against the cold air. Pools of sulphurous water boil into thick peaks that turn into flowers and ferns and then topple. The earth is a cauldron; petals of bubbles float in the hot water as if shaken from a branch in the earth. In the water is the greenest of living moss.

Great boulders, the colour of silver smoke, are warm to the touch and crumble like stage props under the hand. The snow is tufted, and set in it are tiny yellow holes—Dick called them "smoking ears." They are like the entrances to magic underground palaces, lined with yellow crystals, and in each "ear" hangs a pure drop of water. We tried not to step on the snow crystals, which are stalks of frost forced out of the pores of the earth. Tall and pale, they were grown without the sun, like Pluto flowers which fall over in the mortal air.

On the upper slopes of the craters grow the pines and the tawny pampas grass of the known Japan. I can understand why this is called the "Valley of Hell." It looks and smells the part, and it is the earth opened up; it is that wild nature the Japanese must always channel into art and ritual. If it were not for this wild force, there would not be the elaborate, and necessary, subtlety of Japanese culture. Ultimately the fine stroke of the bamboo brush and the geisha's gesture came from volcanic springs. It is in the north that one can understand what Japan is all about.

All this sulphur water means hot-spring baths. That evening I tried to persuade the others to come with me to explore the hotel's public baths. Some were already asleep, others found excuses. A public bath does not sound very exciting. Besides, did we really want to take a bath together? We had been together for weeks. We knew so much about each other as it was. There must be some barriers left. I went alone.

The bath in the hotel at Noboribetsu is a very famous one —one of the few major baths where mixed bathing is still the rule. I undressed in the women's dressing room and advanced behind my towel and bath bucket. Think of the mosque at Cordova filled with pale steam, lit softly from an unseen source. I could see in front of me perhaps ten feet, and as I walked along on the marble floor forests of pillars stepped out of the mist. There were beautiful small pools set in the floor, some like round lily pads, others court-sized swimming baths. It was very quiet—only the sound of water bubbling softly from underground fountains into the pools, and the even softer sibilance of old men and women talking together, sitting side by side.

It is true that everyone was naked, yet everyone was quite covered—by the little towels, by the steam, and by the indifference of each to the other's body. The water was very hot in some pools, cool in others; people wandered about, dipping into one and then another. The steam was so thick one felt there could be endless variety. At one end of the bath there was a high balcony with steps leading from both sides. It must have been the entrance to the men's dressing room, for down the steps marched men in grave procession as if part of a great ceremony.

* * *

The last night in Noboribetsu we went to a small Japanese restaurant hung with straw capes and wooden rakes and other country paraphernalia; we sat around a curved oaken bar and were served delicious crab dishes by jolly waitresses in winter-sea blue kimono, who brought little bud vases full of steaming sake. We talked and talked, all of us, about ourselves, about those we loved. We had been together for so many weeks, in a strange land whose steam and snow had fused us in sudden, sheltered friendships. Now, like the springs, we needed to break free, to take up our separate lives again. Our caravan turned homeward.

—MARY EVANS

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GERTRUDE ENELOW

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4) *A new kind of exercise that is not really exercise at all.* Because if you want to strengthen or streamline any one part of your body, you don't really move it at all. For example, if you want to suck in your stomach, you forget all about it, and concentrate on one simple *blowing* action. Or, to build new power into your back, you move your *ankle* an ingenious way every morning in bed.

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This book starts by reminding you of an inescapable fact:

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But once you lose this gift of sleep and most adults have completely lost it—*then you are draining energy and youth out of your body, exactly the same way that air drains out of a tire when it has a leak.*

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1) *Turns off your mind,* and lets your body float effortlessly into a deep sleep.

2) *Arranges the parts of your body in bed*—so that sleep will not be disturbed by tossing and turning, and so you will not wake up the next morning with a sore spine, or "pins and needles" in your arms or legs, or a stiff neck and shoulders.

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On page 33 you discover a six-second motion with your mouth, that instantly relaxes the over-tense muscles of your chest, heart and solar plexus —and drains hyper-tension out of your body like water running from a sieve.

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On page 57 you are shown the built-in apparatus, *in your left foot,* that automatically corrects your worst posture faults . . . that relaxes and soothes the lower back muscles at will . . . and—most surprising of all—that irons out those ridgy, "washboard" inner thighs, that no other exercises you've tried could ever reach.

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A Final Word of Warning:

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Two words of caution must be added, however:

1) It is a short book. It has only 128 pages in all. If you are a fast reader, you can finish it in a single weekend. *Do not, therefore, expect a huge weighty tome, full of useless theory. Every page of this book is packed with practical, step-by-step direction, that you can use immediately to give you the strength and health and beauty that are locked up inside your body today.*

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All her young adult life she had suffered from a bad back, went to countless doctors, osteopaths and exercise teachers, finally developed her own theories, and in time was conducting classes in the ballroom of the Shoreland hotel.

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THE SIOUX CITY SUNDAY JOURNAL

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